

Special Features This Issue
"Snow Row 2005", "Heart of Gold",
"Short History of the Urbanna Meet",

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 24

May 1, 2005



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I devoted two pages in this issue to Vera England's "A Short History of the Urbanna Meet" for more reasons than that it is a good tale of the sort of small boat messing about that we value. Urbanna, even though it has had to move to other locations over its lifespan, goes back further than this magazine by a couple of years but it does span the time period covering my interest in small boats. Vera's recollections of much that has transpired over those years that have passed all too quickly, while not my own, stimulated my memory banks, producing similar memories of many years of good times afloat.

Jim Thayer's part in creating and sustaining/promoting the Urbanna Meet as his own particular form of laid back messing about (carried on today in his Kokopelli gatherings far to the west) reminded me of the part he played in my deciding to publish *Messing About in Boats*. One of my small boat friends in the early '80s introduced me to Jim's little cut and paste newsletter, *The Thole Pin*. You could subscribe to it for, I seem to recall, \$3 and it would come at random times during the years whenever Jim took time out from his boatbuilding and nationwide delivery trips to put an issue together.

When in the spring of 1983 I decided to publish *Messing About in Boats* I adopted Jim's informal sort of approach to publishing, only since I intended to make it my livelihood I had to get serious about getting it out in a timely fashion. I still delight in Jim's tales of his Kokopelli events and other outings, they have found a good home on our pages as *The Thole Pin* quietly faded away.

Urbanna's 25th anniversary this May represents quite an achievement in surmounting all that can transpire over a quarter century. As Vera details, it has survived ups and downs caused by weather, people relocating or dying, and changes to the ambiance of its locations. There is apparently something of value in its simplicity. Its nature has not substantially changed, something that all too often happens to ongoing events over the years when new people and influences become involved.

My own parallel experience to the Urbanna one has been going to the annual Small Craft Meet at Mystic Seaport. We first went about 1980, and from that experience I

was inspired to corral as many local small boat people in my area, the Massachusetts North Shore, as I could reach to organize a traditional small craft club at the Peabody Museum in Salem, a club that still meets monthly except in summer, blessedly free of the usual club claptrap of bylaws, officers, etc.

Over the years the Mystic gathering on the first weekend in June has also had its ups and downs. The major resurrection took place when the original "traditional" purists, acolytes of the late (in the '70s) Pete Culler, gave way to a broader based outlook and subsequent encouragement of a family oriented ambiance with any sort of small craft type welcome. Carrying on today under the direction of Mystic's Peter Vermilya, it is, despite being a Seaport event and thus more costly to take part in, a nicely laid back, relatively unstructured gathering.

As I wrap up 22 years of turning out this magazine, I realize that it is, like Urbanna is for Vera and those who enjoy it, an unbroken thread back over almost a quarter century of small boat involvement. I've been doing this long enough now for there to be a whole new set of those "good old days" to remember (the first set being my 35 years of motorcycling adventures and magazine publishing). As Vera mentioned about the passing of the generations at Urbanna, I note that while I have been absorbed in this activity, my children have raised their own children, the oldest now young adults. And as I look back into back issues to fill some request for certain articles, I come across reminders of what we were doing at that time, "way back in '87". It does seem to be a while ago.

Well, I realize that there have been other long running events of this nature (Cedar Key, for example, just celebrated its 20th anniversary in 2004), and if any of you are involved in such long running small boat related events and would like to tell us all about them, I welcome your stories. While the level of our aspirations does not rise to that of some of the older yacht clubs, where one can view portraits of "Commodores" from 100 years or more ago, there's something of value in an ongoing connectivity from year to year in how we get together to share our enthusiasm for messing about in boats.

On the Cover...

New Zealand designer John Welsford's classic looking little camp cruiser Penguin underway on a river near Hobart, Tasmania. John tells us all about his design in this issue.

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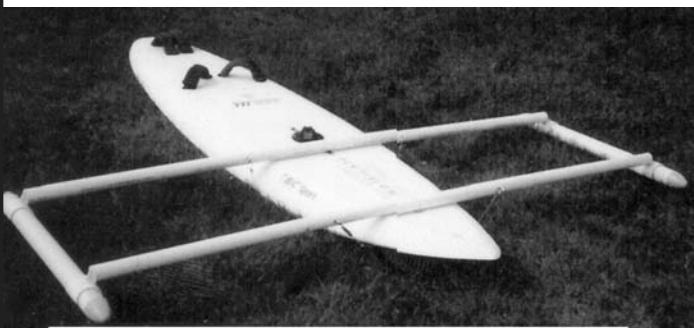
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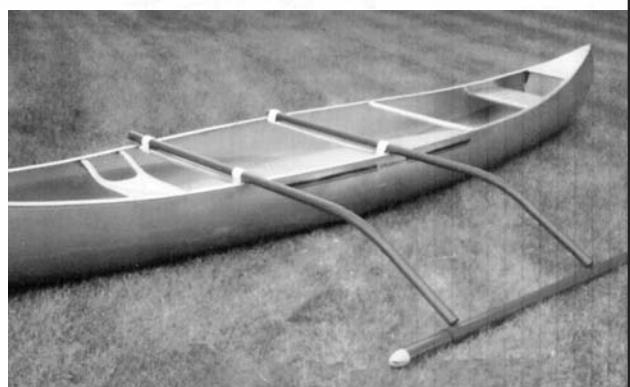
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Minnesota Messabout

This year's Minnesota Messabout will be held June 3-5 on Lake Pepin at Lake City, Minnesota. The event outgrew Lake Nokomis in Minneapolis and so a new venue was picked, and what a beautiful site it is. Lake Pepin, a very wide spot in the Mississippi River, is surrounded on both banks by high bluffs and hills. The sailing ranges from calm to downright adventurous.

The event isn't limited to sailboats. All homebuilt boats are welcome. There's camping and motels nearby and I've already heard from people in five states who are coming.

Not only is this a chance to see a lot of different boats, but you can meet *MAIB* contributor Mississippi Bob Brown in person.

For full information, check out the event website at <http://www.paxtonconsulting.com/gpage3.html>

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

Most Northerly Moosehead Rowing Regatta

The Most Northerly Moosehead Rowing Regatta, sponsored by the Maine Rowing Association, takes place over a 4.5-mile triangular open water course on Saturday June 4, at West Cove, Moosehead Lake, Maine, from the Greenville Junction Wharf. A race for youth and the not so youthful will follow the regular race on a shortened course.

Prizes include floatplane rides, white-water rafting trips, and steamship Katahdin rides to the top finishers in each class.

Details available at (207) 695-2680.
Betsy Rockwell, Greenville, ME

20th Anniversary Maine Canoe Symposium

For 20 years the Maine Canoe Symposium has drawn canoe enthusiasts from the United States and Canada to the shores of Moose Pond at Winona Camp in Bridgton, Maine. This year's 20th anniversary event will be held June 10-12.

This one of a kind annual event is set among the tall pines of Camp Winona in the mountains of western Maine, truly a "family camp." A children's program includes crafts, games, hikes, natural history education, canoeing, and outdoor skills. Adults can attend one or more of the approximately 75 workshops offered over the weekend. Workshops are held on the water and land-based slide shows, demonstrations, and hands-on classes are led by experts in the North American canoeing world.

For more information call (207) 892-3121, mcs@canoemaine.com, www.mainecanoesymposium.com. For reservation information contact Winona Camps at RRI Box 868, Bridgton ME 04009, (207) 647-3721.

Schooner Inc. 30th Anniversary Harborfest

Schooner Inc., a marine environmental education organization, is planning to have a

30th Anniversary Harborfest celebration, including events on shore at Veterans Memorial Park, on the water, and at Long Wharf Pier, in New Haven, Connecticut, on Saturday, June 11. Plans include small boat sailing/rowing/paddling races, visiting tall ships, musical entertainment on shore, food vendors, sporting equipment vendors, boating/equipment building and demonstrations, dinner fundraiser, and auction.

For further information contact Rick Wies at gwararchitects.com.

Gail Ferris, Branford, CT

The Great Hudson River Clearwater Revival

The Clearwater 2005 Festival, the Great Hudson River Revival, will take place at Croton Point Park, June 18 & 19. The Festival is a spectacular environmental celebration with solar-powered stages, diverse performance arts, crafts, environmental exhibits, food, and a Working Waterfront on the Hudson River. The Working Waterfront is a continuing feature of the festival that will have more activities this year, more exhibits, more people on the water in small boats.

Working Waterfront will present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational, or commercial service. The boats and the grand sloop *Clearwater* will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails. A fleet of small boats will be available in which to messabout, a major Waterfront feature that gives owners, builders, and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join the boat people on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

For further information contact Stan Dickstein, (845) 462-3113, dicksten@vh.net, Eric Russell, (718) 646-1224, or Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, (845) 454-7673, revival@clearwater.org

Adventures & Experiences...

Farewell to *Piglet*

As I pushed *Piglet*, my West Wight Potter 14 sailboat away from the beach, I did so with a heavy heart for this would be our last sail together. Her Honda motor quickly started and we were soon in clear sailing water. I hosted *Piglet's* lateen sail. A gentle wind filled the sail and away we sailed towards the far distant shore. The fall weather was perfect for such a bittersweet day, warm sunshine, fluffy white clouds, and a warm steady wind.

As we sailed along I could feel the soft vibration of the tiller and rudder against my fingertips. The water was making a wonderful soft gurgling sound as it passed by *Piglet's* hull. Then softly and sadly I told *Piglet* that soon she would no longer belong to me, that she was going to a new home and that I would never see her again. I thought I

felt a slight tremor in the hull and then an increase in the rudder vibration. Then a soft sigh passed through the rigging. But perhaps it was just the delusions of a sad old man.

I then hove to in the middle of the lake, where I told *Piglet* how much happiness she had brought into my life and as we slowly drifted along I tried to explain why it had come to this painful parting. The only sound was the soft waves slapping the hull and the soft muttering of the wind as it passed through the rigging. Wiping my eyes I pulled on *Piglet's* main sheet and soon the sound of water rushing by the hull lifted my melancholy mood. I told *Piglet* that we should enjoy the few hours we had left, and somehow I felt she agreed with me.

So off we sailed towards the distant shore with the wind behind us. Then we changed course, tacked once and then once again. Then we sailed on with a gybe or two to change course. We dashed for a buoy and circled it once and then once again! The water sparkled in the sunlight and my heart filled with joy as *Piglet* and I sailed on each new course.

As the red sun lowered in the west we sailed towards the beach. *Piglet's* vibrating rudder seemed to speak to my heart and soul. I felt she was telling me not to worry, that she would be just fine. I believed that she was right, her new owner would love her as I had loved her.

Piglet's bow soon touched the shore and our last sail was over. I had said farewell to *Piglet*. From now on future boating activities seem unlikely for me.

Bill Nolen, Oklahoma City, OK



Information of Interest...

Getting the Measurements

We learn something new in every issue of *MAIB*. Found Greg Grundtisch's article in the February 15 issue on "The Magic Monkey Stick" very informative. We have Greg Rossel's book but didn't recall his explanation of the mechanical scale rule. We have tried using an architect's scale on drawings that have been reduced, it just doesn't work.

Should the mechanical scale rule not be included with the reduced drawing you can still get measurements that are very close (not absolutely accurate). If you know the overall length of the boat in the drawing you can use a metric ruler to get all but the finest detail measurements. Convert the boat length to inches, measure the drawing with the metric ruler, however many millimeters you

come up with, divide that number into number of inches, and that will tell you how many inches are represented by a single millimeter. Make any measurement on the drawing and convert the number of millimeters back to inches.

Here's the example, let's see if I have confused everyone. In the February 1 issue on page 29, Phil Bolger's Diamond kayak is 19'6" by 1'11", converted to inches is 234 by 23. I measured the kayak as 162mm, (the bottom drawing just above the ads). Divide 234 by 162 gives you 1.4444444. The beam on the same drawing it should measure about 16mm. 16 times 1.44 equals 23.1" inches. Like I said, it's not absolutely accurate.

Be aware that not all drawings on the same page are the same scale. The top line of drawings showing beam at different stations are a different scale. Assuming that the middle hull shape is our max beam of 1'11", then measured width is 31.5mm. 23 divided by 31.5 gives each mm representing .73", or 22.95" beam. Had we used the 1.44 measurement, beam would be 45.36", paddling would be much more difficult.

It is always best to purchase the full size plans, you will have fewer questions, designers actually draw plans to make a living so that they can continue to design boats.

Rex and Kathie Payne, R.K. Payne Boats, 3494 SR 135 North, Nashville, IN 47448, (812) 988-0427, <http://home-page.mac.com/rkpayneboats>

Opinions...

Charter Boat Captains Group Against Unnecessary Mandatory Wearing of Life Jackets

The American Professional Captains Association (APCA), with over 10,000 members and one of the oldest charter boat captains groups afloat, has indicated its opposition to an effort by the USCG to require all boaters to wear PFDs while underway.

The big picture is that the USCG, with the help of the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), would have all boaters wear PFDs while underway. All boaters means pleasure boaters, not just commercial operators. The representatives of Big Brother want to go boating with us and they won't even offer to split the gas money. Next they will demand unsinkable boats or to pave all the waterways.

In the latter part of 2004 the USCG started to fly trial balloons in the boating media to see if the requirement for fulltime wearing of life jackets while underway would be acceptable to the boating public. It shifted blame for some of its suggested idea to comments made by the NTSB as justification. If one were to read all of the letters to editors in the legitimate boating publications, it would seem that the public does not like this proposal.

APCA feels the government has heaped upon the U.S. public too many new privacy intrusions in the name of homeland security. But APCA believes that the USCG needs to step back and take a deep breath before shouldering the boating public with new Big Brother impositions. If President Bush did indeed promise us less government, it would seem that the USCG didn't get the word.

In spite of the demonstrated safety value of using automobile seatbelts, the car driving

public has not easily accepted these requirements. Likewise, motorcyclists have long advocated that the government should set standards for manufacture of helmets but should stay away from requiring everyone to wear these government approved helmets.

The argument is against government intrusion. A licensed deck officer has the right, responsibility, and obligation to order crewmembers and passengers to don life jackets at any time it is deemed necessary. The APCA feels that the prudent mariner does not need Uncle Sam to tell him when wearing life jackets is appropriate and does not believe every boater needs to wear a life jacket at all times.

There are two concepts to consider: 1) The pressure to require all boaters to wear life jackets when underway, and 2) 6-pak boat captains, many who are weekend warriors, are now being required to carry Type I (read bulky) life preservers. If added to #1 above, it would mean some very uncomfortable paying passengers. One wonders if there would be an exemption for cruise liner passengers enjoying their on-deck exercise walks.

APCA can be reached at (800) HOTSHIP (468-7447)

Mani Costa, (727) 599-4888 <manicosata@hotmail.com>

This Magazine...

MAIB as a Reference Source

I originally subscribed to *MAIB* hoping for articles such as "Swapping the gas guzzling V8 out of your 29' Chris Craft with a smaller, more efficient diesel with heat exchanger, so you can cruise to Florida." After a few issues I was slightly disappointed to discover that that sort of messing was not what *MAIB* was all about, but by then I had discovered Robb White so I have renewed my subscription.

I am a boater who, when not actually going somewhere by boat or fishing from a boat, am at least training to go somewhere. I have little inclination to run around in circles under sail or power or whatever. As a catch-and-eat fisherman I have caught and eaten mullet but did not care much for it, however, I sure enjoy reading about how Robb catches them. Mostly though I enjoy the way Robb can make tolerable information about diesels and other stuff without being pedantic.

I keep the back issues of *MAIB* like I keep catalogs. I thumb through the latest from Defender Industries, note some of the stuff, and then shelf it, knowing I can find a source for a left-handed oar brush if I need one. The same goes for all those *MAIB* articles like "Antique Sailfish Armada from East Dingus to West Thingus." Who knows when I might need that information?

John Halvorsen, Cortland, NY

Main Reservations

My main reservations about *MAIB* are similar to those of several other readers, too many stories about cruises from east nowhere to west nowhere and coverage of events of little interest to anyone other than the participants.

But these reservations are far outweighed by what brings me back to the fold again, mainly your "Commentary" column. Yours is the voice of sanity and reason in this

increasingly crazy world of misplaced priorities. I particularly enjoyed your comments on the *Wall Street Journal* article about megayachts, and in that same issue the article, John Tuma's "Other Risks of Boat Building."

Nathan Rome, Winchester, MA

Editor Comments: Stories of readers' cruising adventures and coverage of gatherings and events provide vicarious pleasure for many readers unable to participate in either, as well as offering some guidance for those thinking about undertaking similar adventuring, a major service of journalism. Absent such content, *MAIB* would be pretty much just a tech manual about the boats. Not for me!

Not Renewing

I do not plan to renew my expired gift subscription at this time. I am nearly 88 and have been a wooden boatbuilder with my own shops. I enjoyed your magazine a lot, you do well to produce two issues every month instead of one issue every two months.

If I had more time to read I'd renew, maybe when I get old!

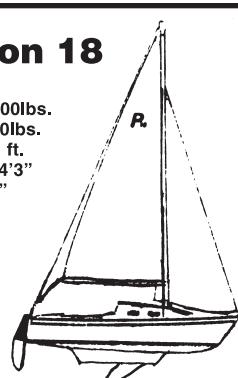
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The ice floes are retreating down the Sound and the clammers are out in droves as we get unusually mild weather and very low tides this week. I've been trying to coordinate a day off with the tides and weather conditions since last fall so I could conduct an on-site interview with Phil Kent, the Ipswich Shellfish Warden (I think Clam Cop has a nicer ring to it). Finally everything seems to have come together and today is the day.

I met Phil down at Pavilion Beach around 3pm and sat in his new truck to learn about the clamping trade and his unique job. I can't imagine how one person could keep on top of everything and watch over such a broad territory as he does. Having a couple of deputies allows him to have his Sundays off during the summer, but now in the winter Phil can be out on patrol seven days a week. Having Sunday off is counterbalanced by there oftentimes being TWO low tides a day during daylight hours at the height of summer, making for 12-hour days. The Clam Cop earns his keep by anyone's reckoning!

I went into the meeting "loaded for clam," with a long list of questions. Mr Kent is a man of unflinching patience and a wealth of knowledge. Phil is a native of the neighboring town of Rowley, his grandfather having owned the land on which the famous Agawam Diner now stands. Mr. Kent, Sr. also owned the first gas station in the area on Route 1, a few guest cabins, and a luncheon place where the clams that Phil and others dug were served to travelers along the route from Boston to Newburyport.

To say that Phil is a man with experience is an understatement. He has had several interesting careers from being the young supplier of clams to his grandfather and his current position, but clearly none have given him as much enjoyment as this. After being the Clam Cop for the past 22 years he isn't admitting to being ready to retire anytime soon; when he does I hope the town has three dedicated people to fill his shoes. Here's what I learned from Phil this afternoon.

There are five areas of local jurisdiction that he has to monitor and test and decide to close or when to open EVERY DAY of the year. The "season" runs between May 15th and October 15th, then October 15th until May 15th. Each area can contain several flats to harvest from. Depending on the tide, the flats are contiguous or splotchy "islands" of mud separated by shallow water. Each area has its own sensitivity and there are specific conditions governing when each area is opened or closed.

Summer and winter seasons are controlled by the amount of water entering the system; i.e., runoff after a rainfall of certain depth. Some areas will be shut down after a rain fall of only 4/10". This is true of Area Seven. Area Seven is a complicated situation. It is owned and monitored by three towns; Ipswich, Essex, and Gloucester. There is a high density of homes inland of the flats around the Conomo Point area in Essex. This contrasts with the other areas further up the Sound north of the Middle Ground, where few homes or roads impact the water quality. The area at the mouth of the Ipswich River is sensitive and is closed frequently due to the storm drain runoff and high density of homes along the river and at Little Neck Estates.

There are other public health concerns besides high coliform bacteria counts such as Red Tide. Red Tide is a misnomer as there are many forms and colors of toxic algae



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Cold and Clammy Interview with a Clam Cop

involved. Agencies and scientists involved with monitoring the toxic algae blooms along the coast and in the Great Lakes prefer to call this phenomenon Harmful Algal Blooms or HABs. Phil must test the water for both coliform and HABs. Working at all levels of government are dedicated individuals who monitor the algal activity and send reports out to the local communities to alert the shellfish wardens of potential problem. Phil told me that mussels are the first shellfish to pick up the HABs. He tests them early and often over the summer.

Many sources of nutrients feed the algal populations, from high volume use of old septic systems during the summer months, agricultural runoff from coastal fields of corn, rural pastures filled by cattle or other livestock, even unscooped dog poop on the beach. Chem Lawn applications are also big contributors to nutrient overloading, and finally large congregations of waterfowl being fed by residents.

This last source is a tough one for many people to understand. We've all been delighted to feed the ducks and geese. They are highly social and entertaining birds, how can a few crusts of bread hurt the water quality? Well, what goes into a duck's gullet exits as a form of high nitrogen content material that disperses immediately within the water column and finds its way out to where the hungry algal cysts are emerging and feeding. If it's one or two ducks the effect is not great, but ducks are usually found in greedy flocks clamoring for handouts. So DON'T feed the ducks!

If there are flats closed due to various health concerns, clams harvested from other flats left open may still need to be tested and remedial cleaning is performed on them at the State Marine Fisheries disinfection plant located on Plum Island. The plant is the only one of its kind in the area and most of the shellfish it processes come in from the flats around Boston. To pass the health criteria, the product must have a coliform count below a certain percentage after 48 hours or the whole harvest is destroyed. It makes sense, then, to NOT dig when the flats are closed or in questionable areas as all that hard work can go down the drain quite literally if the clams are too heavily burdened by bacteria or toxins from the HABs.

So you want to be a clammer, what do you need to get into the game? First and foremost a license, either Commercial (180 lbs./day) or Recreational (10 qts. twice

weekly). Oyster limits, 30 pieces a day with no more than 60 pieces a week for recreational license. The species available to dig are sea clams, (ashtray shells) that Howard Johnson made his money on processing into clam strips, the soft shell or steamers, and razor clams. We have a few thin beds of oysters but not enough to be of commercial value.

Armed with your license, bucket, and rake or garden fork you will wander out as the tide recedes and look for the small holes left by the clam's extended neck/siphon. Splaying your legs out at a 450 degree angle you'll apply the working end of the clam rake to the exposed mud with vigorous downward hacking swipes, swinging from the waist while keeping your back mostly horizontal to the flats. Once the clams are brought to the surface you'll need to size them with a brass gauge ring that is 2" in diameter. No clam that fits through this gauge lengthwise may be kept, oysters have a 3" ring.

Clams that are not of legal size need to be reburied as the seagulls will steal the adolescent clams and reduce the next season's harvest. Very small clams can re-dig themselves into the mud, but the larger (1-1/2"+) the clam becomes, the less mobile it is. The foot is just not strong enough to move its weight into the upright position needed to burrow down, so re-covering the rejected clams is good conservation. Razor clams are speedy drillers and a full sized razor can go from laying out flat on the beach to an upright position and bury itself vertically with in a minute. Razor clams are a big industry in the Pacific Northwest, like our steamers are here.

Aside from man, clams face several predators. Green crabs are a scourge and have helped deplete whole beds of clams along the Eastern Seaboard. Sea gulls are adventurous and will steal exposed clams, but they don't dig them out. The largest threat to the clams may be the black duck, and ducks in general. Along the shore you'll see flocks of ducks "puddling" and eating the spats or baby clams that the action of their feet disturb from the top layer of mud. A few hungry ducks can devour several thousand spats very quickly. These adorable ducks deliver a one-two blow to the industry, consuming immature clams while polluting the flats and feeding the algae that can become toxic. Flounders also eat the baby clams which live in the top inch or so of mud.

It takes approximately three years for a clam to grow to harvestable size from 3/4"-1" long. There are several efforts to "seed" the beds in some locations. Phil is one man with a couple of deputies and couldn't make a dent in growing our own beds as it is a huge-labor intensive effort. In the past he has purchased spat from Maine and put them out on Eagle Hill Creek (UMass also raises clam spat in Salem at their Cat Cove facility). He covered them with nets to protect them from ducks, tidal action, and boat prop wash. He feels that the laying of the netting alone may be as beneficial as trying to seed the beds. If the spat we already have were able to settle in securely the harvest would improve within a few seasons. Having said that, I asked if there was a cycle in the good to poor yields, and Phil said that there seemed to be a seven year cycle. This wasn't a scientific pronouncement but a "general feeling" he's gotten over a lifetime patrolling the flats.

I gathered more information than one essay can contain, so expect a few more articles to finish this subject. In parting, I asked Phil what he'd want the readers of the article to understand from reading it. His summation was forthright and simple. If you want to harvest calms, get a license from the town that you want to dig in (remember Area 7 has three towns flats abutting one another) and KNOW where you are. Obey any postings that the flats are closed, it's your health and that of people you share your harvest with that's at risk. When in doubt, go ask the right officials. Ignorance of the rules is no defense. There are substantial fines for breaking the law and the Clam Cop patrolling the area for each town will enforce the rules; \$100 and \$200 dollars for first and second offenses, and a day in court for the third infraction.

Phil loves his job and the whole clamping community respects and has affection for him and his dedication to a unique way of life. He is very approachable and will share a wealth of information with anyone interested enough to ask. He stated that his mother made a tasty chowder, but he'd never learned her tricks and did not have a recipe to share with me so I'll give you my grandmother Barbi's recipe (owning a Jersey house cow is optional).

Place one quart of cleaned (fed cornmeal 24 hours), soft-shelled clams in a large pot in a single layer with enough fresh water to cover halfway. Turn the burner on high and steam for two minutes or until shells pop open. Cool and shuck meat from shells, discarding the outer mantle threads, and skin the necks. Strain the liquid to remove any grit and reserve. Melt a lump of sweet butter in the pot and fry some thick bacon or cubed fatback pork until golden brown, remove, and drain on paper. Add diced onions to the fat, and saute until transparent (if using potatoes add and cook now), add the clams and stir lightly over low heat. Add freshly ground pepper to taste, now add the fresh Jersey milk (1 qt.) or commercial whole milk with one-third volume added light cream. While this process is going on you'll want to have a few dozen split and buttered Vermont Common crackers laid out on a cookie tin ready to pop under the broiler. Coordinate this to come to the table together; bowls of thick rich "chowdah" sprinkled with the toasted bacon bits and a dish full of hot crunchy crackers to float or munch along with the chowder, makes a cold wet day feel cozy.

Next in the "Cold and Clammy" series will be an exploration of Cat Cove and the disinfection plant up the Sound from my Window on the Water.

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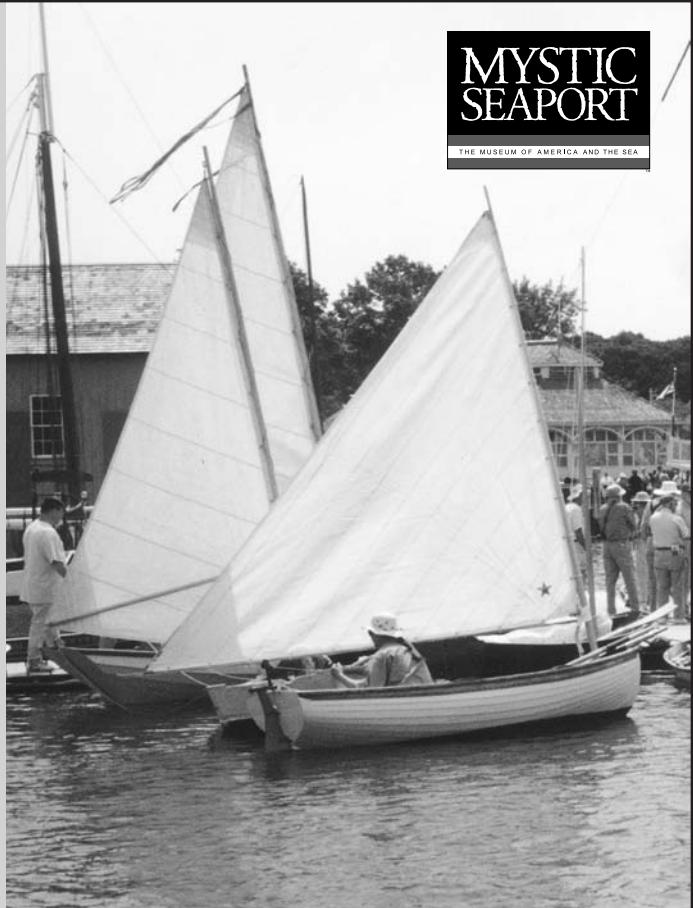
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The Making Of Tom Cat

By William Garden, 2004
WoodenBoat Books, Brooklin, ME, \$17.95

Reviewed by Sharon Brown

“...there isn’t a megayacht in the world to equal the pleasure to be found in one small catboat!”

This small gem of a book is destined to become a classic, treasured not only for its content unlocking the design and construction of a sweet little catboat, but also for its glimpse into the private realm of a North American design giant. Bill Garden’s whimsical portrayal, contrasting a strong work ethic, a distinct sense of what is “right” born of 86+ years of hands on experience, and clear instructions make this book accessible to wooden boat devotees of all ages whether builders or simply appreciative of the process.

A large format, hardcover book, it is generously illustrated (51 pages total, 36 of text). Each construction step, augmented with Garden’s explanations and reasoning, is tossed together with playful references to the famous, rich, and local. The book is such a delight that the reader can forgive distracting quirks of format like double spacing between sentences, a non-contiguous layout, and colored pages. Fourteen different topics supplement the construction text, including a drawing of beaching gear, building form set up, demonstration of his Boston Scale to establish plank widths (similar in application to John Gardner’s diminishing batten), wooden cleat designs, rudder choices, a boom tent, tool sharpening tips, and a drawing for a shop and description of Garden’s building shed. All good stuff.

The foreword by his friend, author Maynard Bray, a long-time associate of Mystic Seaport Museum and *WoodenBoat*, sets the tone summarizing the historical context of Garden’s early writing in *The Rudder and Yachting* and range of his work. A life-long small boat “nut,” Garden began his career in naval architecture and marine engineering in 1938 and has drawn the lines of more than 1,000 vessels spanning the gamut of recreational and commercial craft, from cradle boats to yachts of generous proportions. Even during his war service in the Aleutian Islands he earned a reputation for working late night hours designing yachts, reputedly puzzling the censors with his signature “little fellows” still inhabiting his drawings (*Maine Coast Fisherman*, October 1959). His writing and designs now frequent the pages of *WoodenBoat* in addition to *Yacht Designs* (1977, International Marine Publishing Co.), *Yacht Designs II* (1992, Mystic Seaport Museum) and *Yacht Designs: Revised and Expanded* (1999, Tiller Publishing Co.).

Though shunning “the limelight,” his accomplishments are much respected in the field. In 1989 his body of work was celebrated at Mystic Seaport’s Second Yachting History Symposium where he received the William P. Stephens Award in recognition of his “contribution to the history, preservation, progress, understanding, and appreciation of American yachting and boating.” Garden’s name on this award joined that of Olin J.



Book Reviews

Stephens, II and subsequently, Elizabeth Meyer, Briggs Cunningham, John Gardner, Bud McIntosh, Waldo Howland, Colleen and Dick Wagner, Jonathan Wilson, Carleton Mitchell, Maynard Bray, and Joseph Gribbins. His plans have been at Mystic Seaport since 1991 where cataloger Andrew Price handles inquiries and orders for the ca. 3,000 sheets representing 674 designs in the William Garden Collection (Coll. 96) of the Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library.

While designing megayachts for deep pocket clients, the ease of access afforded by small boats, the direct connection between the elements and his hand at the helm or out-haul, halyard and sheet, getting the most out of sail trim still holds his attention and this is reflected in the last page of the book, alone worth the purchase price. The first 12'6" x 6' Tom Cat, *Catspaw*, Garden took pleasure in building himself on his tiny Gulf Island, Toads Landing, in Sidney, British Columbia, where his design office has been since 1968. Tom Cat can be lofted directly from the table of offsets and built from the nine sheets of plans given in the book; a full set is also available through the *WoodenBoat* Store in Brooklin, Maine, and online at www.woodenboatstore.com.

Catspaw’s debut in August 2001 more or less coincided with the arrival in Garden’s home waters of two “immigrant” Beetle cats, *Overture* or *Ovie* (Hull No. 1812) and *Top Cat*, brokered from Maine by Bray and shipped via 18-wheeler to supplement the local island sailing fleet. Tom Cat’s design was fueled by Garden’s desire to sail comfortably but competitively in tricky tidal currents and fickle summer winds. He was looking for “elbow room for two,” raised seats, responsiveness, and other listed requirements, one an especially practical provision for a sculling notch on her transom. The same criteria were delightfully met earlier, in the likes of a Woods Hole spritsail boat, almost a foot longer overall than a Beetle Cat (*MAIB* August 15, 2000).

While *Catspaw* is made of wood, she is not strictly traditionally built. Her hull, carvel planked of 1/2" western red cedar, over steamed oak frames, with a laminated oak stem, is not caulked but rather epoxied, and covered with biaxial cloth. Plywood and Sikaflex™ are other non-forbidden products and information is given for an alternative strip built hull. Her rig, more complicated than that of a Beetle Cat, carries a little more sail area, 120sf, reflecting her displacement, about 1.5 times that of her older sister. A personal preference against mast hoops is satisfied by lacing the sail to the mast, boom, and

gaff. She is tricked out with thumb cleats, “snubbing winches,” bulkhead cam cleats and button cleats, lazy jacks, and centerboard adjustment rigging. This is fun for the builder/designer who enjoys getting the most out of her in home waters, particularly if judged faster than others sailing nearby as when he hailed to a fellow sailor claiming to make 14 knots!

Despite the catboat’s ubiquitous presence on the East Coast, they are not common in the west. Dick Wagner’s Seattle Center for Wooden Boats rents Beetle Cats on Lake Union and the odd catboat cruising saga in waters of the Pacific Northwest reaches the literature. The need for shallow draft boats is not so critical and the lack of truly warm waters most enjoyed in an open, wet boat impacts design.

The Beetle Cat, a comparatively strict one-design thanks largely to master builder Leo J. Telesmanick’s 50+ years of dedication, continues to be built plank-on-frame of white oak and cedar with spars of Douglas fir, as first introduced in 1921 by the Beetle family of New Bedford. Well-loved and actively raced, no apologies are owed as she has proven herself, a rare perfect wedding of form and function. Beetles hold their value, 4,000 have been built and enjoyed by sailors of all ages. When one is swamped, ridiculed in public, and decked with plywood, a sensitivity is awakened. *Ovie*’s previous owner Roger Bowker of East Sandwich, Massachusetts, is still loyal to the boat his children learned to sail on Cape waters during their six-year stewardship, before trading her in on one of Charlie York’s new hulls in 2000.

It could be tackled as a first time build, but Tom Cat, a hull as complex as a Beetle Cat, is not the ideal boat for a beginner looking for detailed “plans.” Nonetheless, the book can be enjoyed by amateur or professional and because of the humor, parts of it could be read aloud to children, especially the letters home by *Top Cat*.

Not a builder, I have hung around boatshops since turning five and savored this book during a late January Saturday night snowstorm, after a visit to Beetle, Inc. at Bill Womack’s new quarters in Wareham, Massachusetts, where Charlie York and Jonathan Richards were building a Beetle Cat on the old molds and Bill Sauerbrey and John O’Donovan were planking a 28' C.C. Hanley catboat. Bill backed out a silverbali plank with a hand plane, while Charlie was “wumping” the white cedar planks fresh from the steam box, clamping them with the cupping wedges or “wumpers” to conform to the curvature of the hull. As the snow piled up, NPR’s Garrison Keillor was in mid-account of a “Sandy Ford” in a Civil War song and my head was full of serendipitous images of catboats and boatshops, including Garden’s at Toad’s Landing, the Beetle Cat shop, Mystic Seaport’s John Gardner Boat Shop where Crosby catboat *Breck Marshall* and *Sandy Ford*, the Woods Hole spritsail boat were built, and Taylor & Snediker’s shop where *Roberta*, *Sandy Ford*’s sister, was built.

William Garden is one of those giants in the field of marine design who has achieved an unusual level of success while maintaining his reputation as a nice man. While unassuming and generous, he can be forceful, his opinions often cloaked with a wry sense of humor. His privacy, buffered by family and a cadre of loyal friends, reflects an old-fash-

ioned work ethic which he exercises even now having earned the right to kick back.

Toad's Landing bears his stamp and that of his soul mate, Janie Newman, amid a profusion of natural beauty flourishing in the unique Mediterranean climate. Fir, western red cedar, arbutus, and gray oaks have shared the space with floppy eared rabbits, chickens, a helicopter pad, wooden benches, paths, funky but fastidiously neat and orderly outbuildings, and a meticulously maintained fleet of vessels, some modern like *Tingit*, the 62' sleek commuter launch reworked for cruising and shared with his friend Orin Edson. Walking up to the house for tea, a guest is treated to a feast of images and his respectful, running commentary of everything passed. He is appreciative of the flowers, wallflowers, roses, daffodils, tulips, and wildflowers tucked in every crevice and stops to watch a robin that has set up home near the spar rack and note a pair of Canada geese coming to the same spot for years.

There is a charm about his shop and in his office a combination of old and new world comforts. Varnished parts of his small schooner *Toadstool* dry on the dining table and the nearby fax used to communicate with clients around the world, cutting his plans in strips to fit, churns to life. He leaves this paradise to pick up guests at Canoe Cove in the 1904 25' *Merlin*, his "hard-working island office tender" (known during her first 60 years as *Toketie* with a well-documented history of her own, *Upcoast Summers* by Beth Hill), as he remarks, like Olin, "still hustling around." Each yearning frame is increasingly filled with more detail until this calm, purposeful man in wool Cowichan Indian sweater and cap expertly draws her alongside. "Good morning," he offers, a white mustache rimming his smile and his eyes, not missing anything, twinkle putting you immediately at ease. His book is like this, quietly respecting the coastal differences in environment, wildlife, culture, and boats.

Though I grew up on nearby waters I had to go east to meet him and have been an unabashed fan ever since, having once naively put dibs on Jane's job should she ever "retire" and falling under the same spell as those he has positively impacted throughout his Gulf Island tenure, including Peter London, Paul Gartside, John Newman, Ted Knowles, Bent Jesperson, Ken McKinnon, Keith McLaren, and others documented, and some earning a nickname, (e.g., *WoodenBoat* No.'s 60, 147, 166).

Garden was one of the judges in the 1972 "Great Sidney Rowing Review" in which 67-year-old John Newman swept the field of 50 entrants in the dugout he built in the 1930s. Newman took first place in the "up to 17" category and Garden's then 15-year-old daughter Anne took first in the women's division. The write-up in the Sidney newspaper made the rounds from Garden and another participant, Dr. John Fairley, to John Gardner to Huw Evans of Wales and back. At John's bidding this account served as my introduction to Garden and Newman, both remarkable men.

Magical. This book is a good read, an excellent introduction to the construction, a guiding hand, and comparable to the pleasure of waiting for *Merlin* at the end of the Customs jetty. As *Merlin* was named after a family cat, I suspect, so also was this design, after Tom, Bill's old and much loved Toads' Landing cat with the kinky tail.

The Solitude Of the Open Sea

By Gregory Newell Smith
Seaworthy Publications (2005)
Paperback; 259 pages; \$15.95
Available at www.seaworthy.com,

Reviewed by Doug McFall

In the 1990s, approaching the age of 40, Gregory Newell Smith gave up his career as a Seattle corporate lawyer, sold most everything he owned, bought an ocean-going sailboat, and set out to see the world. After logging more than 45,000 blue water miles and circling the globe aboard his Fast Passage 39, *Atlantean*, Smith returned to the northwest to write a book about his travels. It's a dream many of us have had and few have followed through on.

"I wanted to write about what it was really like to be out there," Smith said when I spoke to him recently about his newly published book, *The Solitude of the Open Sea*.

"Extended travel is a life changing event but it didn't make sense to tell readers everything I did in the three-and-a-half years I was underway." Smith's solution was to craft a collection of 17 stories from his journeys, each of them drawing upon a particular experience in order to address the themes of his book, which he describes as "broadening our horizons beyond the known and commonplace, freeing ourselves from cultural self-centeredness, and achieving self-discovery through perseverance, hardship, and solitude."

Smith begins with the title essay, an account of his 53-day solo passage from Panama to Hawaii. Though Smith rarely traveled alone (he used pick-up crew for nearly all of his ocean passages, and the Hawaii passage actually takes place near the end of his journey), it's a good place for the reader to start because Smith's perspective throughout the book is very much that of the lone traveler confronting a world of strange customs and "people who don't look like us or speak our language." Almost all of Smith's stories address his experiences ashore (only three of them are set exclusively at sea), and they do not appear in chronological order, which may frustrate those readers looking for the typical "went there and did this" account. For this reason I would say *The Solitude of the Open Sea* is more a collection of travel narratives than sailing stories, though I imagine it will be the armchair sailors who will be initially drawn to the title.

Smith is a careful observer, and his descriptions of the traveling life ring true. There are highs and lows, ranging from the idyllic joys of exploring the "jeweled anchorages" of Tonga's Vava'u Group, to the depressing realities of Madagascar's descent into poverty and environmental devastation. But Smith rarely gives way to the easy cynicism of some travel writers who call our attention to the fact that the South Seas are hardly the paradise many of us would like to believe. He points out that exploring the world by sailboat gives the cruiser a unique advantage, the boat is home, a refuge for those times when life on foreign shores becomes too much to face on a daily basis.

It's Smith's voice that impressed me from the outset and kept me reading. I never

forgot that the author was a real person, willing to admit when he was terrified (climbing the mast to replace a broken halyard in the midst of a five-day gale) or lonely (overcome by nostalgic memories during night watch on the Indian Ocean). I appreciate that kind of honesty in a writer, but I was most surprised by Smith's lyrical prose, such as when he refers to Joseph Campbell's "rapture of life" upon hearing a lone bagpiper's sunset skirl on New Zealand's Great Barrier Island. Clearly this man cares about what's happening around him and is unafraid to listen to his soul.

One of the back cover reviews says, "This book will make the reader want to get out there and do it." I agree, but at age 70 and with a "busted gut" (a hernia, in the parlance of the tars that inhabit the mess deck in Patrick O'Brian's Master and Commander series), my most ambitious sailing days are probably behind me. At least with books like *The Solitude of the Open Sea*, readers like me can be there in our imaginations, as Smith puts it, "spending this precious gift we call life finding out how much the world has to offer, over the horizon and not so very far away."

(Doug McFall is a retired college professor and a life-long sailor, though these days he prefers lake sailing on his catboat to crossing oceans. He can be reached at dougandholly@excite.com)

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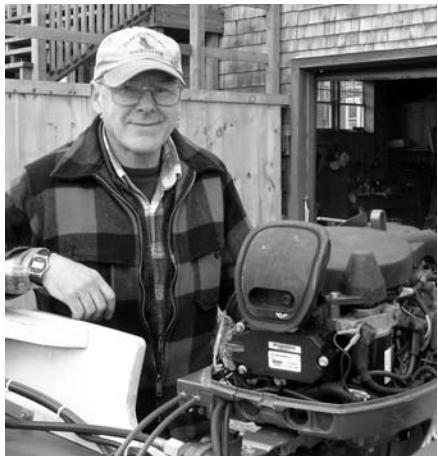


Volunteers are an integral part of the Atlantic Challenge community. With over 100 volunteers in 2004 who donated more than 4,000 hours of their time, a tremendous amount of work was accomplished. The organization's varied shop and waterfront programs would not be what they are without those who give so generously of their time, energy, and ideas throughout the year.

On January 29th, Atlantic Challenge hosted a volunteer recognition party with over 100 in attendance. Volunteers of the Apprenticeshop, the Marine Mentoring Program, the Waterfront, the Community Sailing Program, the administrative offices, and the Lecture Series were recognized and thanked for their generous service.

Alan Athearn of Rockland has been an indispensable wealth of knowledge, talent and support during the last four years. He was interviewed by Leila Murphy, Atlantic Challenge staff member.

As talented and generous as Alan is with his time, he is not one who seeks recognition; in fact, he shies away from it. Alan talked about his connection with Atlantic Challenge and with volunteerism in general. Alan may come across to anyone who sees him when he is focused on work in the AC yard as being shy but don't be mistaken, the knowl-



Alan Athearn of Rockland working on the engine of *Challenge*, an Atlantic Challenge chase boat.

Atlantic Challenge Honors 2004 Community Volunteers

edge he has gained from his diverse experiences have given him much to share. Alan strongly believes that everyone should volunteer and be involved in their community in some way. He says that the problem for him is balancing time between different volunteer projects. As we all know, when you find great volunteers you don't want to let them go!

In addition to Atlantic Challenge, Alan volunteers with Area Interfaith Outreach and as photographer for the Fire Department. He was a volunteer firefighter in New Jersey for 20 years before moving to Maine. Born in Manchester, New Hampshire, Alan spent most of his career in New Jersey, vacationing in New England with his wife Norma and their three sons. It wasn't until 1997 when he and Norma came to Rockland for a schooner trip and they had several hours before departure, that they came to know the area, ultimately deciding to retire here in 2000.

Atlantic Challenge was one of the first places that Alan visited when he arrived in Rockland. Working with waterfront coordinator K.C. Heyniger on the maintenance of our 30-plus fleet of boats, he is the engine go-to man and the premier problem solver. He helps with boats that are donated to the organization, with repair of the Optimist dinghy fleet following a busy sailing season, and maintaining the engines on chase boats. Alan and his wife Norma are also very active in the Atlantic Challenge Community Rowing program.

Atlantic Challenge is fortunate to have his help. Alan's love of mechanics goes back to age five when he vividly recalls being

given a ladder truck as a gift. The first thing he did was take off the wheels, only to have the truck taken away from him. His parents thought he was not taking care of the truck, when really Alan wanted to see how it was all put together. His secondary education consisted of vocational school to get a degree in auto mechanics, taking his first job with Pontiac preparing new cars for leaving the showroom. Alan's work experience is diverse although it centers around the mechanics of engines and machines. Alan worked for an outboard motor dealer, a Firestone Tire dealer, a spot welding company, and Clark Forklift before coming to Cummins Engine, the world's largest manufacturer of diesel engines. He spent 19 years with Cummins as a mechanic, shop steward, and specialty technician.

Looking for a change, he became a trainer, creating a training program curriculum. He taught for 11 years until the Cummins headquarters decided to shift training to computers. Alan was disappointed to see this shift because he believes strongly that so much of what we learn is from discussion and hands-on application of knowledge, not by merely answering questions on a computer screen.

As with many people who've retired, Alan's life is busier than most can imagine. He has a shop at his house where he not only works on engines but also woodworking projects such as birdhouses for small cavity nesting birds. He lives just a short walk away from the offices and Atlantic Challenge feels most fortunate to have him as a neighbor and friend and one who gives so generously of his time.

Atlantic Challenge is a not-for-profit educational organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea. For more information about their programs, or to learn more about becoming a volunteer, please call (207) 594-1800 or visit their website at <<http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>>

The Atlantic Challenge 2004 volunteer corps. Seated from left: Fran Keene, Dr. Edward Morse, Roland James, Inger Holm, Hugh Lane, George Sayre, Dave Whiting, Jim Doble, and Bill Zierden. Standing from left: Ken Pride, Ned Gruener, Dale Young, John Blodgett, Fred Boursier, Asger Bagge, David Jones, Terry Meyer, Jim Chalfant, Lloyd Bracy, Josh Moore, Jaap Vrolick, Lee Webb, Jon Kuhl, David Hancock, Travis Fuller, John Eastman, Jasmine Afschar, Alan Athearn, and George Hoyt.



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Snow Row 2005

By Bob Hicks

What a nice day for early March on the 5th in this particularly nasty snow packed winter we've had here in New England. Sunny skies, light west wind, and on the beach at Hull, Massachusetts, for the annual Snow Row, no less than 14 big six-oared Scilly Isles gigs ready to do battle over the usual 3.5 mile triangular course in protected Hingham Bay. And tucked in around and about the big boats, each of which has its own starting position on the beach, 61 other human powered small boats of all sorts. Sea kayaks and ocean shells were there in abundance, 15 of each, unusual for this wintry 40 degree water time of year.

The big gigs are what brings me each year, nowhere else do we get to see so much teamwork and hearty pulling on long sweeps. The gigs come from Vermont, Maine, and Connecticut as well as nearby Massachusetts. They all get together only this one time before rowing season really opens, by summer those crewed by school teams are idle as their crews are all gone for summer holidays.

British crews (men and women) now come back yearly as guests of local Team Saquish, which loans its boats, *Mike Jenness, Sr.* and *Saquish* to the visitors, Cornwall Rowing (men) and Pennryn Rowing Club (women). Not to be left out because of this generosity (the Brits provide Team Saquish with boats on their return visits to Cornwall each year), a third gig has been built, *Interceptor*. Team Saquish fielded a Mixed Amateur crew in this boat. Cornwall Rowing went on to decisively best the rest led by the Sound School's Youth Pro gig, *Sound*, which has in the past been overall top finisher.

But fastest of all was one of the two sleek four-oared sliding seat Cox 4 Youth crews from nearby Cohasset Maritime Institute. Unable to go head to head with the gigs due to their later start time, these youth set a time of 30:20, just over a minute faster than the British gig despite lacking the stimulus of head to head racing.

Amongst the smaller boats Mike McNulty's winning sea kayak finished just behind the first gig with Timothy Dwyer's kayak closely following just ahead of Ray Panek's Ocean Shell Single. The best of the traditional oar-on-gunwale boats was again the Carter brother's stretched Monument River Wherry, 11th overall in a field of 75 boats.

A brief moment of uncertainty occurred when a tug pushing a barge crossed the course of the leading gigs (which was the first class off the beach). While the cox of one of the Lake Champlain gigs pressed on, getting by just ahead of the tug, the rest held back and fell in behind the barge as it passed.

The only dump noted took place prior to the start when one shell tipped over near the ferry docks and was quickly righted by nearby participants awaiting the start.



Four oars, four sliding seats, the fastest boat in the fleet, rowed by the Development Youth crew from the Cohasset Maritime Institute, just down the Massachusetts South Shore from Hull.



Top gig, *Mike Jenness Sr.*, rowed by the Cornwall (UK) men's crew to a convincing win over the 14 boat gig entry, and second overall to the CMI youth boat.



Third fastest overall this year was the kayak of Mike McNulty.



Sound, the Youth Pro gig from Connecticut's Sound School, chased the Cornwall gig hard but lost out by 4:39.

The Carter brothers bested a seven boat entry in Livery Double Class again in the *Daniel J. Murphy*, their stretched John Aborn designed Monument River Wherry.





Paul Neal was again the fastest Livery Single in the Kaulback Adirondack Guideboat.



Pilot, Hull's very first cold molded gig replica, with long time rowing enthusiast, and race organizer Ed McCabe at the helm, is partway through a major overhaul. They placed 3rd in Gig Adult Amateur behind two of the Lake Champlain gigs.



Twenty years old now, Doug Martin's Mocking Gull, once featured on the cover of WoodenBoat is still active, 4th Livery Double with Dan O'Reilly and Mark Peters at the oars.



Two lovely pulling boats on the beach, in foreground unmistakably an Adirondack Guideboat a long way from its home waters.



Bob Brett brought his unique fish form Pilgrim 17 and embarked onto the course crewed by his dad in a comfy chair.



Not content with building and rowing their Scilly Isles gigs Saquish and Mike Jenness Sr., Team Saquish also brought this Work Double, Burrage. That appears to be a white rat on its flag.



Interior of Pilot clearly showed she was still a work in progress. Ed McCabe claimed the rehab got rid of 300lbs of waterlogged wood. Waterlogged cold molding?

How to load up a gig: Take lots of strong guys and then...



2005 Snow Row

Finish Order Top Ten

1 Cohasset Maritime
2 Cornwall Rowing
3 Mike McNulty
4 Timothy Dwyer
5 Ray Panek
6 Sound School
7 Wesley Echols
8 Mike Tracy
9 Bill Baker
10 Kinley Gregg

Youth Multi	30:20
Gig Adult Pro	31:24
Kayak Single	32:24
Kayak Single	34:19
Ocean Shell Single	35:35
Gig Youth Pro	36:03
Kayak Single	36:14
Kayak Single	36:37
Kayak single	37:14
Ocean Shell Single	37:31

Class Winners

(Number of Entries in Class)

Development Youth	(1)
Gig Adult Pro	(2)
Kayak Single	(15)
Ocean Shell Single	(15)
Gig Youth Pro	(3)
Livery Double	(7)
Whaleboat	(2)
Gig Mixed Am	(2)
Gig Adult Am	(4)
Livery Single	(4)
Development Adults	(1)
Cox 4 Adult Pro	(1)
Ocean Shell Double	(1)
Canoe Double	(1)
Cox 4 Youth Pro	(1)
Cox 4 Youth Am	(3)
Work Double	(4)
Gig Youth Am	(3)
Currach	(1)
Cox 4 Mixed Am	(1)
Work Single	(2)
Cox 4 Adult Am	(1)

Cohasset Maritime Institute	30:20
Cornwall (UK) Rowing	31:24
Mike McNulty	32:24
Ray Panek	35:35
Sound School	36:03
Carter Bros.	37:42
The Buzzards	37:59
Team Saquish Mixed	38:15
Lake Champlain MM	38:57
Paul Neil	39:44
Cohasset Maritime Institute	40:04
Team Saquish	41:46
Doyle & Martell	43:15
Pete Olson & Tom Ciffelo	43:19
Sound School	45:49
Saquish Youth	46:39
The Young Bros.	47:15
Vergennes (VT) HS	50:30
Albany Irish Rowing	54:15
Floating the Apple #2	54:56
Dan Llewellyn	55:53
Sacred Cod	1:00:13

Boat Types

Kayaks	15
Ocean Shell Singles	15
Gigs	14
Coxed Fours	7
Livery Doubles	7
Livery Singles	4
Work Doubles	4
Sliding Seat Multis	2
Whaleboats	2
Work Singles	2
Canoe Double	1
Currachs	1
Ocean Shell Doubles	1
Total Entries	75



One of the Lake Champlain gig youth crews ready for the race by waxing shut seams opened up from a winter in the shed. There was no open water in early March on the Lake, it seems.

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Twenty-five, twenty-six years ago Urbanna Creek on the Virginia tidewater was a lot different. Heck, a great many things were different 25 years ago. For one thing, we all were better looking and a lot younger. Many of us had more muscles, if less sense, and were more willing to hop in a boat and row in a race when a bottle of rum and the Cuban Bandera were the prizes. Even if the boats were an aluminum skiff owned by Phil Friday and maybe something Jim Thayer had built but not yet finished. Thayer told me the story so long ago the details have gotten lost. But they agreed to meet again the next year and race again for the trophy. And thus the Urbanna Meet, sponsored by the Urbanna Creek Rum and Rowing Appreciation Association, was born.

Over the years the Race for the Cuban Bandera was hotly contested. The Bandera itself was an unlikely prize, donated by Al Watkins from his days on a freighter. He had mistakenly entered Cuban waters without a flag, painted this one hurriedly on a piece of canvas as the gunboat was approaching, and had some explaining to do when he accidentally raised it on the flagstaff upside down.

Greg McCandless quit racing when he beat Thayer by a nose but at the cost of a muscle spasm in his back, even though Thayer was the old man of the crowd then. But Thayer, with his usual skill at seeing a marketing opportunity, started inviting his customers to row the boats he had built and show them off for any onlookers. He wrote it up, with his inimitable style, for *Messing About in Boats* and his own publication, *The Tholepin*. He even got Larry Chowning, the local newspaper reporter, to show up and take pictures of his Whitehalls and Pickles. And he got the folks to come.

Dan Muir and Dusty Rhoades, young Navy guys, came with their ladies to row for the Cuban Bandera, along with the Overbys, from way inland near Chatham. John and I started coming the second or third year. John had built his first boat, a heavy cedar and oak lapstrake Whitehall that he'd built from John Gardner's designs in *National Fisherman*. He wasn't winning too many races and when he wasn't bailing it, he was thinking about what he could do that was a little faster. Dusty was winning a lot, but then so was Dan. The Wooden Bull was brought in as the trophy for the Pickle Grand National Championships and then we had sailing races as well.

The ladies had started racing and Robin Muir made a nice needlepoint trophy stating, "A Lady's Place is First." That was the year Marilyn came. She had one of Jim Thayer's whitehalls, nicely fitted out, and was wearing nylons and a white blouse and a light blue A-line skirt. The guys helped her in the boat so she wouldn't get her dressy shoes wet and the girls snickered at her ladylike demeanor. We didn't laugh when she rowed our socks off without breaking a sweat on her perfectly formed brow. She picked up the trophy with the dignity of a lady and that was the last we saw of that.

We rowed and raced on Urbanna Creek for ten years and by that time we had added some children's races since the little ones had grown big enough to emulate their elders. Their prizes grew from coupons for ice cream to more permanent trophies like T-shirts as they grew old enough to notice. The crowd grew, people brought their boats from all over the state, and even from out of state.

A Short History Of the Urbanna Meet

By Vera England

The Urbanna Meet was quite an event. But the little harbor was changing. Restaurants were built and changed hands, marinas and docks were constructed and filled. Urbanna Creek was no longer appropriate for the Urbanna Meet. The kids weren't just running into each other, they were rowing right into strangers. We needed a new home.

For the next 14 years the Urbanna Meet settled in at the Christchurch School waterfront. This worked well as overnight camping moved from our yard to the frog-chorused fringes of the marshes that bordered the Rappahannock River. Every year, on the third Saturday in May, a caravan of small craft disciples towing boat trailers escaped from their northern or eastern cities to enjoy the broad, shallow river, the tall oak trees, and the pleasant breezes. The Christchurch boys would sometimes join our races in their Lasers, attracted not only by the growing number of interesting small craft but also by the fact that several of their opponents were teenage girls in their own fast boats. Most years we were blessed with balmy weather, but sometimes when gales blew from the northeast the crew of stalwarts who came would send Jim Thayer down to the end of the dock with his anemometer, watch him proclaim the wind speed to be in excess of 40mph, and vote to move the whole shebang to the shelter of our yard again.

Time passed. Too quickly. The kids who raced for ice cream cones went to college. The young Navy guys retired, moved to shores far from the Chesapeake Bay. The babies born in between had boats their fathers built named after them, then went on to build their own boats, or to row in races much more competitive. A variety of boats were sailed, rowed and paddled: John England's Delaware River Tuckup *Blackberry Seeds*, and his little Butternut canoes, David Scarborough's *Vireo*, Dusty Rhoades's *Laughing Gull*, and Dan Muir's *Pickle, Annie*. Mary Slaughter amazed folks with her "paper boat" *Chile Pepper*. Jim Thayer and Bob Booth, our elder statesman, brought a fleet of *Wee Punkins*. Richard Cullison brought the sweet *Piccolo*, then *Casper*, his Bolger boat that ghosted over the calm water and flew when the wind was up, only to be outraced by his daughter Sarah's catamaran *Insanity*. Alice Wilson brought her boat one year, which after drying out all winter, promptly sank and didn't swell up until after the races.

Some of the early attendees, such as Simon Fletcher with his fast little mahogany runabouts, had long since moved west. One year, Jim Thayer decided to move his whole operation out west to Colorado and left the organization of the Urbanna Meet to the East Coast folks. That may have been the year that Bob Booth, about 90 at the time, had to roll his tippy little cartopper over on its side so he could get out of it, and decided that bigger boats were more appropriate for the future.

The ladies of the Urbanna Meet weren't as enthusiastic about the racing (still grum-

bling about Marilyn) but sat on the shore preparing the crafts for the next St. Michael's event. Heck, even the men weren't enthusiastic about the racing. Dusty, who had egged us on with such humor, had joined the ranks of sailors who had crossed the bar. It took some cold blustery weather and the promise of renewing the rum as part of the trophy to convince them to put oar to leather.

But whatever the weather, the event was held, with the hopes that even if Saturday was cold and soaking, Sunday would give us a glimpse of sun and a chance to begin the boating season. Hopes weren't always fulfilled and we were grateful when Christchurch School happened to have Bob Zentz singing sea shanties one year so we could all congregate in a warm auditorium and still feel "nautical."

But the winds of hurricane Isabel brought changes and ongoing repairs to the Christchurch waterfront. We took stock of the other changes as well. The weather gods had not been kind for a while and pictures revealed scenes of would-be sailors huddled under tents, with tarps blocking the wind. The picnic tables purchased with donations to the waterfront in memory of Dusty Rhoades were wearing out, and we even heard the demise of one of them when some midnight visitors were surprised by Dan Muir walking to the head late one night. Their swift exit included throwing their car into reverse and trying to back through one of the newer tables.

The hurricane had worked on the rest. Urbanna's harbor was no better, still under repair from Isabel. The stalwart co-organizers were scattering. The Cullisons were about to join the fleet of boatbuilders heading to the west. There appeared to be no choice but to have a sabbatical on the year which would have been the 25th Urbanna Meet. A month or two later a small group gathered and rowed on the Pamunkey River, camping again in our somewhat soggy yard. There it was resolved, an alternate site would be found to continue the tradition.

Thanks to some good scouting and determined nagging from diehard Urbanna Meet aficionado John Erickson, the Official 25th Urbanna Small Boat Meet will be held this year at Freeport in Gloucester County, Virginia, on the shores of the Piankatank River, on May 21-22, as Jim Thayer's custom decreed (he once asked Janis if he could skip a child's graduation so he could keep the date, she declined his request and he skipped the Urbanna Meet). Future sites may include the new Deltaville Maritime Museum, not too far away, which would love to host us if they can work out logistical difficulties, or perhaps someday Urbanna Creek itself.

So bring your small craft of any sort, your family, and a covered dish for Saturday's traditional barbecue (bring your own meat, too). We will toast the memory of Bob Booth, who died this past January at age 97, and who was the epitome of what the Urbanna meet is all about, a boatbuilder by hobby, a sailor for fun, a friend for fair weather and foul, always ready to handle whatever the winds brought him. Perhaps we'll toast him when we bestow the Cuban Bandera on some lucky winner who must then share his bottle of rum.

For more information on attending, Contact Vera or John England at (804) 758-2721 or email <johngood-wood@hotmail.com>



On Urbanna Creek '87.



A mess of boats on Urbanna Creek '88.



Kids' race '87.



The men jockey for position '88.



Ladies First '87.



A quiet moment on Christchurch Beach.

David Scarborough's Vireo '87



The Cuba Bandera '94.





Pulled Up: You would think that would be a good way to keep a little boat but one time a little snort of a storm came and blew my cousin's dinghy end over end three miles down the island.

I had been so tangled up with meaningful things that I hadn't been to the coast in a long time. Of course, it was the middle of February and still cold and rough so my heart wasn't exactly broken. When we had a little lull we took off just to make a day trip over to Dog's Island on a fact finding mission.

The first fact we wanted to find out was how the little Kia Jane bought would pull the little gray boat on its extra lightweight trailer for a long trip. We have been to some of the lakes around but never pulled it 200 miles before, but that's in the plans so we took that little rig. The fact is that the Kia doesn't even know the boat is back there. It got about the same gas mileage pulling the boat as it does without a trailer. You know, it ain't a bad little car. It sort of reminds me of an old VW except it actually has a little horsepower and a lot of heater. I don't think there is much difference between these new little poot cars like that.

The trailer is excellent. It uses the whole tongue as a spring and you can adjust it so the suspension matches the boat. In case you are interested in a real light trailer for a real light boat, it is a Trailex™ SUT-200-S, Trailex Trailers, P.O. Box 553, Canfield, OH 44406, (800) 282-5042, www.trailex.com.

The trailer comes knocked down on the UPS truck and the finished weight is about 110lbs., capacity 200lbs., but it is kind of pricey. It is a neat thing for a real light boat, and behind a little car like Jane's Kia it'll out corner any SUV or pickup truck. As a matter of fact, a Kia pulling the little gray boat will outrun any SUV or pick-up truck pulling a Bayliner... or a semi truck full of rocks. I just thought I would throw that fact in.

The lull we had was not in the weather, just the work. It was cold and rough when we put in, blowing about 18kts. out of the ESE like it had been doing for two or three days... overcast and bleak. We had modified the trailer with two side guides to keep the boat going off and coming on straight without having to get in the water any deeper than regular rubber boots. The fact is that it works good and we were soon on the way down the river, and we were the only ones even though it was a Sunday.

A Fact Finding Mission

By Robb White

We were running the old Martin 60 and the fact of the matter is that it is a reliable old motor. It has some of the idiosyncrasies of the outboards of the '40s like it will burn a lot of gas and dribble a little out of its cursed Tillotson carburetor any time you have to tilt it, and it has to have half a pint of oil in every gallon of gas but it is (as far as I can find out) the most powerful regular production outboard motor for its size and weight ever built. That's an understated 7.2hp out of 40lbs. It seems that modern engineers would have been able to beat that in the 60 years since the National Pressure Cooker Company built that thing, doesn't it?

Anyway, the fact is that the engine is a pain in the ass in rough water. I never had any use for the gear shift feature but I believe the twist grip throttle is the best invention of outboards. It is nice to be able to instantly vary the speed to suit the conditions of the approaching waves. I even think that small skiffboat navigation is sort of an art and I am still working on my progression. I like a twist grip throttle. I also do not like to pour oil upon the waters of the world. When I got back to the shop to rinse out the old motor, I ran it in a 5-gal. bucket with the propeller off. You ought to have seen the oily scum in that bucket after I got through. Shame on me.

Other than those things, the trip over was pretty good. The old motor never missed a lick and the little boat did extremely well. It is seaworthy enough for rougher conditions than that and the new spray rails make it run real dry. Well, "run" ain't exactly the right word. You can't drive a boat as small as that very fast under those conditions but it will ease on along. To give you some idea, it took us an hour and fifteen minutes to make the three-and-a-half miles to the island and that is exactly how long the old Martin will run at slow speed on a tank of gas. It cut off just as we eased up to the beach which was a

good thing... kept the damned Tillotson from dribbling gas when I tilted the motor to drag the boat up on the beach. No Bahama moor needed.



Heading over: Jane is sitting on a box instead of on the front thwart because we had a pretty good load of junk and needed to keep the bow up a little bit.

All we did was check on how our temporary roof repair had held up and the fact of that is it was fine. Despite a good bit of rain the old house was good and dry so we ate our little snack and took a short nap to prepare us for the rigors of the trip back. I have done a good bit of napping in my life and have come to prefer it to going straight back to work after lunch. The fact of the matter is that napping in a little shanty within 100 yards of the surf when it is cold and windy is pretty durn good. The only nap I can think of that will beat it is locked up in the sleeper cab of an idling road tractor at the Jersey City Truck Stop after driving nonstop all the way up from Homestead, Florida, and unloading a whole trailer load of tomatoes by hand in New York City.

When we woke up it had breezed up even more so we decided to run in the lee of the island down to the east and check on the cormorant's bathroom swinging on its Hamilton Marine style mooring down at Tyson's Harbor. That way the run back to the river mouth would be dead downwind and we could see how the little boat handled

under those conditions. All was well in its nasty way down there at the harbor, too. We saw a new pair of loons down by Jam Box Point and it appeared that they were catching shrimp. We could see shrimp skittering along on the surface on the way back across the bay. They are becoming plentiful now that the shrimp business has had to give up to foreign competition. When I was a boy, shrimp used to jump in the boat sometimes. Five or six big, sharp nosed shrimp will make you slow down, too.

Anyway, the fact is that little boat is very good running downwind. That is always a compromise. If you build the bow too full, the boat will stop when it hits the back of a wave and the stern will yaw around and might broach to and put you in the water. If the bow is too fine and penetrates the back of the wave too well, it might put the water in there with you. This one is pretty good. It is not quite as tolerant to over running a wave as Old New, but then it ain't 63" wide either. It is much better than old Take Apart which is 57" inches wide.

The real Grumman and this copy have a 44" beam and the real thing is dangerous in a following sea. It is the shape of the bow at the bottom that determines that. I think I said this before but I believe the bow of a good sea boat has to be sort of fine at the bottom with a quick change into a cheeky convexity. That way it will be sharp enough to hold onto the back of the wave and not slide off sideways, and the quick transition to the cheeks will make it rise and confuse the water so it won't form itself into a hell of a sheet running right up the sides of the boat like aluminum semi-vee boats do so bad.

Both going with it or against it, the new spray rails put on the boat proved to be effective. Before there was a little spray coming out from under the boat at speed which hit approaching waves and bounced up and blew back in on the windward side. That's about an unavoidable situation with low sided boats like this. A lapstrake boat won't do it as bad but we have always had to add spray rails to smooth sided boats and have done a lot of experimenting with it.

The place where the water splashes out is where the fat part first enters the water. Usually that is about a quarter of the way back on boats formed like I like. It would be alright to put the rails just there and not run them all the way to the stem, but I have not found a way to keep the truncated front end of the rails from throwing water when a wave comes up high enough to immerse the whole thing so I run them all the way to the stern. The height is only critical at that place where the water spurts out when the bilges first get hard enough to cause the pressure that splashes water so I just start with the stern of the rail just a little above the waterline under average running conditions and take it to the stem parallel with the sheer of the bow.

On this boat, the top of the rail is 11" down from the sheer of the boat all the way along and the rails stick out 1-1/4" perpendicular from a tangent of the arc of the planking (got that?). I might have gotten the rails a little wider than necessary. On Old New they are only 5/8" wide and work fine but that's a lapstrake boat. We have another sport boat in the shop right now and I might put narrower rails on it just for an experiment. It is one thing to wet a customer and another to wet Jane. At least the customer won't be able to turn around and glare at me.



On The Trailer: There are no oar locks on the boat. I keep intending to build me a removable pair but we just paddle the boat like a canoe... works well. Stowing oars is a pain in the neck in a little boat like that.

Another fact I was hoping to find out was how my "marinizing" of the old Martin turned out. The old motor is not marine grade equipment. I don't think any old motor is. For that matter, I don't think new motors are either. Salt water eats them all pretty quick. For one thing, they have too many dissimilar metals in close association. I won't go into all the examples but a lot of aluminum propellers have brass hubs. A little bitty lump of zinc on the bottom of the cavitation plate won't accomplish anything but drag and bubbles in the face of that. A long time ago I discovered that zinc primer, particularly that extra rich stuff they call "Cold Galvanizing" will actually accomplish a little anodic protection. If you paint the whole foot of the engine with that stuff, there will be enough surface to actually do a little good. Of course, the coat of zinc is so thin that it won't last all that long.

My son had an outboard motor in the well of a Cape Dory 25 that could not be tilted. We experimented with it. A coat of zinc would last about a month and a half. The boat had copper bottom paint on it and you could actually see bubbles form on the motor foot as electricity took its toll. We started to hook up two wires, one to a through hull in contact with the copper bottom paint and the other to the motor just to see if there was enough electricity to do anything with. Anyway, because the old Martin is in pretty good original shape and I like it like that and mostly use it in fresh water, I took the whole foot apart and sprayed all the interior cavities with many coats of zinc primer. You can't tell from looking but there are a good many square feet of anode in there.

When we got back from the coast, I took it all apart again and, even though the drive-shaft and foot bolts are plain old steel (appear to be Parkerized), the fact is that there was no rust at all. The zinc washer I made to go between the aluminum propeller nut and the bronze prop showed enough damage that I knew it was doing its job. I think I can get away with using the motor in salt water every now and then if I rinse it well. I'll keep on running it until modern engineering finally catches up and builds about a 6hp two cylinder outboard engine with a twist grip throttle and 50/1 mix (or... wake up boys... four stroke) that weighs less than 40lbs.

I know it won't be the Americans who do it. Both Bombardier and Mercury have been steadily degenerating in the small out-

board field. The new OMC 3.5 two-stroke motor only has one cylinder. You know Evinrude made a 4-cylinder 5hp back when Martin was in business and the old two-cylinder weedless three has been a cult object for 70 years. I think this country has been going downhill ever since the end of WWII.

Which, I had to go buy some buddy bearings (Bearing Buddies™) for the trailer hubs the other day and my old belligerent friend at the Evinrude place looked askance at Jane's Kia. "I see you bought one of them Japanese cars. Don't you know every man over there is still our enemy? Nobody likes a man who beat hell out of him," he said.

"That car was made in Korea and I guess they love us... can't wait until they make an outboard motor and finish off the dying quivers of Evinrude," was my reply.

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No on-stage entrance by any actress can match for theatrical effect the arrival of a steam locomotive pulling a dinky commuting train into a boating town. The dramatic effect is heightened if the halt occurs at dockside on the afternoon of a lazy summer day.

To equal it, the greatest actress in the world must be clothed in diaphanous steam, move with dying clank of rods, and gasp with wheezing gusto while her heart pumps up her Westinghouse air brakes. If, in addition, this girl can manage to simulate the odor of hot Albany grease by smelling like rotten applesauce, she can star forever as Nostalgia Steamtrain. Her audience will never sit down for applauding.

Gathered in the carriage circle toward big Lake Minnetonka that somnolent afternoon was a collection of waiting pony carts, kids with governesses, and an occasional saddled horse swishing flies. Beyond was the railroad dock at which steamboats expectant of fares nudged with slowly turning screws. Here and there between these canopied ferries were gasoline motorboats, long and narrow, gleaming with varnished wood and nickel-plated ships' cowl ventilators that stood from the turtle decks like the elevated necks of watchful mother ducks.

In the wicker armchairs of these boats lolled the privileged young of the affluent, demurring that "Pater" wasn't aboard the train or murmuring that Wellington had played a divine mandolin solo over in Deephaven at the Yacht Club last night. Everyone was waiting for Daddy.

From the rear step of a two-coach commuter fitting this description, one afternoon in June of 1921, a young man of 18 swung to the platform of the Great Northern dockside station at Wayzata, Minnesota. He had arrived in a boatbuilding town that boasted four boat works and a marine engine factory.

According to the town dads, Liverpool and London and New York would one day be pushed aside as boatbuilding centers by the mushroom growth of Wayzata, but as the boy dropped to the ground he saw that the aspect of the village was closer to that of a toadstool. Toward the marine scene he cast an eye and bent an ear.

The young man strode purposefully southward one block toward the huge Ramaley Boat Works, located along the shore. Bent on throwing a clove hitch over his Star of Destiny, he sought an apprentice's berth as a boatbuilder in the Ramaley shop.

After all, *The American Magazine* had carried words by Henry Ford as to how he'd done it; Charles M. Schwab of Bethlehem Steel had restated the Great American Ethic that the law of averages would provide for any man who would work; E.M. Harriman, the railroad builder, had revealed in the magazine how he had become a director of Union Pacific and how all else had followed from that.

It might take this boy a couple of months to become a director of the Ramaley Boat Works, all else would surely follow; corporations, combines, and the eventual collaring of the entire boating industry. This ambition did not shine through his stylish Norfolk jacket nor glint from shined Cordovan oxford shoes, it shone instead from a pair of hands resembling picnic hams. These were to prove his best reference. Their condition and looks stated he knew how to use them; hands are the badges of the craftsman, respected by all brothers of the guild.

As he entered the shop, asking for the owner whose name, he learned, was pronounced "R'may-li," his eyes and ears and nose were made joyous by the euphorics of busy boatbuilding.

Hard by the windows along the length of the great building shop stood boats in frame or at the planking stage: beaver-tailed glass-cabin cruisers, lapstrake rowboats, canoes, and, most wonderful to behold, speedboats that were 100hp runabouts of a modest 30' in length. The smell of freshly planed cedar romped with the acrid odor of cooking oak frames, jabbing the boy's nose as he saw 20 to 30 men hammering away or faying planks. The racket of the sticker and whine of the planing mill riveted his ears. Surely St. Peter was in charge here, having

left affairs upstairs in the branch office to others. This was the real Heaven.

"So you want a job as a boatbuilder's apprentice, eh?" Mr. Ramaley looked the boy up and down. "Got any experience?"

"A lifetime with boats, sir," was respectfully submitted. "Been in boats from birth, a sailor at six, my own skipper at eleven. I've had two high school years planking rowboats at Shepherd's Works."

"Got any tools?"

The boy extended his hands, palms up. "See these mitts? I'm a good wood cutter, sir, and if you'll give me a chance, I'll be designing your boats in a year or two."

"You! You? You'll WHAT?" Ramaley's jaw fell to the latitude of his umbilicus. Unspoken astonishment fluttered from him like swallows leaving a barn at daylight. Then he reached behind a closet door and handed the youth a T-headed janitor's broom. The cheek of this kid!

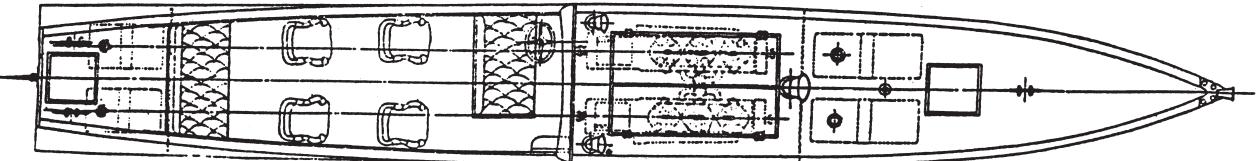
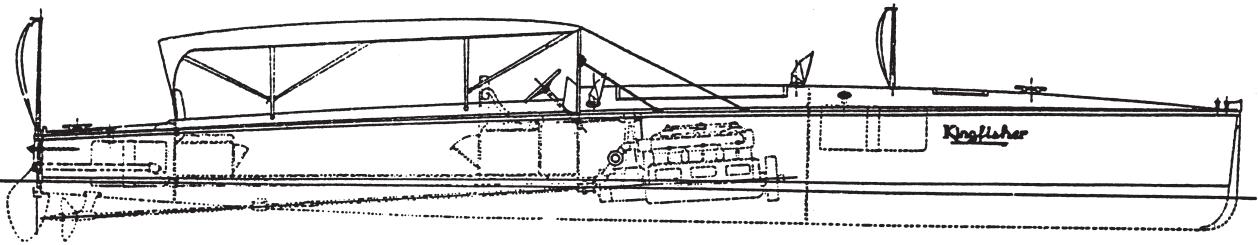
"You start now. Twenty-five cents an hour. Fifty-four hours a week. Just keep the shavings off the floor, fella."

The broom went to work then and there, with the boy on the end of it ready to charge all hell with half a bucket of water to get into professional boatbuilding. I always liked that kid.

I look back on those days as a rare, revolutionary time in the history of motorboat development. It was a good time for a man to make a start as a naval architect. To understand the greening of a naval architect we must leap backward to background conditions in the motorboat industry 60 or more years ago.

Usually the old way of building a new boat depended upon the ideas Dad had noodling on a pad when commuting. He'd go in to Old Bill, or Old John, and Old Bill or Old John would send a knobby hand under the workbench, pull out a piece of dry pine and, with his drawknife, cobble up a model to suit Dad. As is usual with the half model, ocular aberration would produce a hull 20% beamier than needed, but no matter!

Perhaps \$500 would change hands as a half payment on a 30' glass-cabin cruiser. Old Bill or Old John would "take on" a few



of the known and chosen local hands qualified in the guild as boatbuilders, not apprentices, and boost the wage from 35 cents an hour to 40 cents. Gosh! A man could make \$21.60 a week cash in an envelope every Saturday night. All winter the chips would fly.

Then Dad would "design" his power plant. He would become bewildered by the variety of accessory options in merely assembling his engine. As do all amateurs unto this day, Dad would start with accessories first and come to the engine later.

What carburetor is best? Schebler, Panhard, Daimler, Garillus, Breeze, Monarch, Holley, or Kingston? Or plain Lunkenstein "mixing valve?" Engine builders specialized, Dad thought, only in cylinders and pistons and crankshafts. You picked out your own reverse gear, will it be Baldridge, a Gies, a Carlyle Johnson, or Ball, Capitol, Joes, Tuttle, or Paragon? Most early boats with power had no clutch or gear and were aimed at open water when starting.

If and when the engine took hold, the boat would nudge the dock with ardent affection until the skipper slipped the spring line from the cleat. Then, momentarily, she would become a devil.

"We don't want that!" says Dad. Maybe a List One-Way clutch, or how about a reversible propeller? There were some very good ones on the market then. Palmer made one, and Geyer, and Wilmarth and Mormon, Pearson, Thompson, Ithaca M&M, and then there was the Roper propeller. It was widely used and had four blades arranged in two-blade configuration which changed the pitch of each blade differentially from full ahead to full astern but kept the torque resistance constant throughout the reverse range. No need to touch the throttle.

Now, what engine? Bridgeport, the Motor that Motes? Or a Lamb, they sound gentle. Or maybe a Campbell, built in Wayzata. Their ads said, "Buy a Campbell and keep going." Testimonials in all catalogs said the engines would run clear across Long Island Sound! Yen. Now what intention?

Dad could have make-and-break or jump spark in bewildering variety. Maybe the best compromise was the Perfex system, each plug was an encased induction coil screwed right into the spark plug hole and energized by 6 volts of primary energy in an outside vibrator which could weather pailsful of water without flinching.

How about these new-fangled things called "magnetos?" Batteries were notoriously prone to give out when you needed them most. Dad could specify Bosch magneto, or Splitdorf, or Berling, or Dixie, Remy, Leece-Neville. Say, maybe this new Atwater Kent & Co. one-coil sparkler with a "distributor" would be the ticket!

Then, what type of water pump was best? Plunger pump, of course, running off an eccentric because you could think faster than the pump could. None of these new-fangled gear pumps. Steamboat or naphtha men all said, "stay with eccentrics." By the time Dad's engine arrived from the manufacturer, who had to offer this variety of options to make a competitive sale, the cruiser would be ready.

If she floated to waterline when she hit the water, Old John and Old Bill were some boatbuilders. If she went forward when the clutch was thrown in, cheers went up and Dad felt himself a genius. But generally Dad,

like most greenhorns in the boat game, came up with a mishmash of specialized hardware on his engine that, in one instance or another, failed the task.

The situation was nearly as dicey from the boatbuilder's end. If Old Bill or Old John built to a guaranteed speed, they did it only until they failed just one time. Always blamed were the propellers, a big mystery to most men. After disasters of this sort, a professional designer would usually be called in because he could predict performance. When the pro had found the solution and the speed was made, penalties ceased, vulturing lawyers flapped away or simply evaporated, and demurrage was off.

The builders' hides had been saved, Dad was a genius after all, and wassail and jubilee prevailed in the county. Thereafter, the naval architect had that watery area staked out as territory, abetted by the wining and dining Dad provided at the local yacht club. The tramp naval architect, like the tramp printer, could write his own ticket. It had been learned locally that Dad, as is true of most

amateurs, had discovered that nearly everything he believed about boats was dead wrong when put into practice. The professional had his honored place.

This, then, was the general scene and genre of the years 1900 to 1914. Boatbuilding was an expanding and romantic business, and the designing and engineering of motor-boats was becoming more sophisticated by the day through the genius of the great early naval architects who wedded the skills of the old-time boatshop to the new technology of the gasoline engine. Old Charles G. Davis and Charles D. Mower and Edson B. Schock were the patriarchs. Others were Morris Whitaker, Clinton Crane, Fred Goeller, J. Murray Watts, Ralph Winslow, William H. Hand, Jr., A. Loring Swasey, John G. Hanna, Sam Rabl, William Atkin. Oh, the list is long. And more new ideas and new wealth were to enter the motorboat scene in the ten years following the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918, when World War I ended.

(To Be Continued)

The logo for By-The-Sea is on the left. It features a large, bold, black 'K' at the top. Below it is a vertical rectangle divided into three horizontal sections: black on top and bottom, and white in the middle. To the right of the 'K' is the text 'By-The-Sea' in a large, elegant, black serif font. Below that is the website address 'www.by-the-sea.com' in a smaller, bold, black sans-serif font. To the right of the text is a detailed line drawing of a sailboat with a tall mast and a sail.

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The Big Scene

In the Suez Canal, the 284,890dwt Kuwaiti tanker *Al Samidoon* collided with a dredger and lost about 100 tons of crude oil. The spill stretched nearly 35 miles to the Mediterranean. And the Panama canal Authority celebrated five successful years of Panamanian administration.

The International Maritime Organization, one of the better agencies of the often-blamed UN, issued guidelines concerning hull damage in bulk carriers. As soon as any loss of hull integrity is identified, masters should (in order of importance) make provisions for immediate evacuation, inform a maritime rescue co-ordination center, and start an immediate assessment. Members of this class of ship have often disappeared without radioing calls for help and a bulker may sink when just one hold is flooded. Especially vulnerable are bulkers carrying high-density cargoes such as coal and ores and also those carrying steel products such as coils of steel sheet.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

As usual, a sampling: On the elderly Latvian cargo carrier *Sea Fox*, a load of timber shifted and she listed a dramatic 50 degrees but made it safely to a small Scottish port.

The owners of the tanker *Vicuna* and the Brazilian terminal where it was unloading methanol last November when it exploded twice are blaming each other.

In Chinese waters, the *Hyundai Advance* hit the German-registered container ship *MSC Ilona* near the mouth of the Pearl River and then fled. About 1,320 tons of oil, mostly from the fuel tanks of the German ship, spilled.

The 790' tanker *Tsunami* (yes, *Tsunami*) hit a pier near New Orleans and caused leakage of caustic soda from the pier's piping. Luckily the tanker lost none of its 20 million gallons of sweet crude oil.

The Japanese chemical tanker *Sunny Jewel* was cleaning tanks off the coast of Japan when it had an explosion; three seafarers were missing.

On the flood swollen Ohio River the towboat *Elizabeth M.*, pushing six barges of coal, made it safely upstream through the locks of the Montgomery Island Dam, only to then be swept back over the dam and all seven vessels sank. Three of seven crew died and one was missing.

As I write this column, reports are coming in concerning vicious storms with Beaufort Force 12 winds (73-83mph, 64-71kts, 78-89m/ps) that have been assaulting the U.K. and Northern Europe. At Cairnryan in southwest Scotland, a 100mph gust blew the 21,188gt P&O ferry *European Highlander* past its berth and ashore. Forty-three passengers and 57 crew spent the night some 15' feet from shore and enjoyed free food and drinks.

Fifty miles west of Hvide Sande on the Danish west coast in hurricane-class winds, the 15-man crew of the Dutch ro-ro *Schieborg* battled a fire in the containers on board and then abandoned ship. They were picked up by rescue boats.

The Gray Fleets

Even small navies have their incompetents. Two Nigerian Navy admirals were dismissed from that service after being found guilty of being involved in the disappearance

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

of an arrested product tanker loaded with smuggled oil.

The Royal Navy "reappointed" the commanding officer of *HMS Somerset* to "a non-command appointment ashore" after he was accused by two junior officers of bullying and harassment.

In the last five years the U.S. Navy has relieved at least 80 commanding officers for a wide variety of performance problems. The officers ranged from a Lieutenant to a Captain and the American version of the process is known as "early relief." Grounding a vessel is one trigger for early relief, so add the CO of the *USS San Francisco* SSN-7114. The nuclear powered attack submarine ran aground while submerged 350 miles south of Guam. Twenty-three were injured and another died of his injuries.

Russia completed an investigation about a blast on the Pacific Fleet Delta-class nuclear submarine *K-223* that killed one while the submarine was at its base.

A Canadian navy technical report on the man-killing fire aboard the attack submarine *HMCS Chicoutimi* was submitted to higher authority for review and will released early this year.

Canada is paying \$100 million for removal of nuclear fuel and radioactive parts from 12 ex-Soviet submarines. First to be treated was the Victor-class attack sub known only as 608.

The U.S. Coast Guard has contracted with Integrated Coast Guard Systems (aka Lockheed Martin and Northrop Grumman) to build two 425' medium endurance cutters at Pascagoula, Mississippi. They are part of the Deepwater Program for replacing and modernizing the Coast Guard's fleet.

The Nigerian corvette *NNS Enyimbi* was undergoing maintenance at Apapa when an engine room explosion injured scores of sailors and one went missing.

When one of two watermakers on *HMS Marlborough* failed while the ship was in the Arabian Gulf, sailors soon renamed their frigate *HMS Stinky*.

In Florida an air-inflated fender inserted between a U.S. Navy submarine and the pier exploded at the Mayport Naval Base, sending two sailors to the hospital.

Canada hired civilians to fly civilian helicopters on transport flights to Canadian warships at sea during a recent training exercise off the Virginia coast. The object was both to save money and flying hours of Canada's aging Sea King helicopters.

Ferry Boats

A sampling: The Rochester, New York-Toronto, Ontario fast ferry *Spirit of Ontario* will be auctioned off, but major creditors in Australia have loaned the City of Rochester \$40 million to buy it.

The Hyannis-Nantucket, Massachusetts fast ferry *Flying Cloud*, less than five years old, is yet to get an engine to last half its lifetime. There have been seven engine changes. Also on Nantucket Sound, a worker refueling the high speed ferry *Grey Lady* had a fatal heart attack and about 1,900 gallons of diesel fuel spilled into Hyannis Harbor.

Fuller Northland's "cream run" catamaran *Tiger III* ran aground on Cape Bream in New Zealand's North Island after engines failed and all 61 got ashore OK. The boat broke up. Fuller Auckland's catamaran ferry *Quickcat* apparently ran down a small fishing boat in Auckland Harbour, injuring two of eight aboard. (The two companies are separate.)

Thieves broke into an armored truck on the Greek ferry *Thasos 2* and got away with some 400,000 euros in sacks, but left behind a safe holding 300,000 additional euros.

A young man threw his backpack in the trash and raced for the ferry *Puyallup* docked at Bainbridge Island on Puget Sound. Police closed the terminal for three hours during the evening rush until they located the young man. He said it was his last day at school and he just wanted to get rid of the encumbrance.

The cowling between the two hulls of Alaska's new fast ferry *Fairweather* was damaged. This will be the third time the vessel has been taken out of service in its first year.

The Cross-Channel ferry *Dawn Merchant* collided with a harbor wall at Dover, England.

French fishermen have been blockading French ports (and the ferries using them) in protests about a European Commission decision to ban fishing in parts of the North Sea.

The White Fleets

Carnival's *Holiday* had engine problems and so some 1,700 about-to-board passengers were told upon arrival at Mobile, Alabama, that the 46,000-ton ship would not get to Cozumel as scheduled but instead would make a slow "cruise to nowhere" in the Gulf of Mexico. About 5% cancelled.

Alaskan citizens will be polled in August about levying a \$50 per head tax on arriving cruise passengers. Also to be considered are making foreign flag operators liable for state income taxes and the imposition of a 33% tax on gaming revenues in international waters.

Celebrity Cruises, and the cruising world in general, got a reminder that a cruise line is strictly responsible for the safety of its passengers. A young female passenger on Celebrity's *Zenith* was assaulted by a Turkish waiter who had served her on a New York - Bermuda voyage. The assault happened on shore during a port call at St. George's, Bermuda, but within sight of the ship, and the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that a port call was "an essential part of the cruise experience."

In 1985 a man claimed he was blinded on a cruise ship. Ditto in 1992. Ditto in 1997. Ditto in 2002. The same eye each time. (The objects he blamed were unrecorded, a telescope whose filter fell off as he looked at the sun, an exploding champagne bottle, and a flying disc.) He was already legally blind in that eye before 1985 but managed to collect over \$1 million from insurance companies. His latest collection is likely to be a jail term for insurance fraud and grand larceny.

Metal-Working

South Korean shipyards are winning some, losing others. The World Trade Organization granted South Korea a second win in its dispute with the European Union over subsidies to shipbuilders but Korean yards are accepting fewer orders than in record busting 2004 because they are facing

tough financial times due to the rising cost of steel and the falling U.S. dollar. Vessels being delivered cost far less than owners would have to pay for the same vessels ordered now.

But CMA CGM figured out a cure. In early 2003 it ordered four big (8,200-teu) box ships at \$80 million each and then decided it wanted something bigger. A 40' mid-body in each vessel will cost about \$9 million and will up capacity to 9,163 units. An equivalent vessel ordered now would cost something like \$120-plus million.

The Australians want three air warfare destroyers for its Navy and three firms are bidding. Two are Australian (Tenix at Melbourne and Adelaide's ASC Shipbuilding), but the U.S.'s Northrop Grumman Ship Systems is a surprise third bidder.

Even well-designed, well-built ships can create problems for their owners. The virtually brand new 25,000-dwt ice class products/chemical tanker *Purha*, built by a Chinese yard, developed hairline cracks in some welds of the inner hull. They are not a problem yet but repairs will cost money and three sisters are on their way to the owners.

India's Alang Beach may top Greenpeace's list of undesirable scrapping sites but Bangladesh was the world's foremost ship demolition nation in 2004. Indian breakers paid an amazing \$810 per ldt for a 29-year-old chemical tanker, the highest price ever. One might hazard a guess that this specialized carrier contained much stainless steel.

More decrepit vessels from the U.S. Maritime Administration's Reserve Fleets are being towed off to the breakers. Latest to go is the former Navy tanker *Neosho*. International Shipbreaking Ltd. will receive only \$1 for the job since steel prices are high and the ship is in good condition and that makes for easier scrapping. The normal practice is that scrappers are paid goodly sums. For example, Bay Bridge Enterprise will be paid \$860,000 to scrap the break-bulk freighter *Shirley Lykes*.

Nature and the Environment

The earthquakes off Sumatra and the resulting tsunamis in the Far East were major news but the impacts on the maritime world were remarkably small. The small cargo ship *Teal* toppled over in a drydock at Port Blair, the cement carrier *Sinar-Andalas* flopped on its side at the port of Lhok Nga when water receded, other ships suffered some damage banging against quays, and piers, navigational aids, and infrastructure were badly damaged or washed away, but most ports resumed operations in few days.

The death toll would have been higher if the tsunamis had happened on a working day. The United Nations expressed concern that pirates might attack boats and shipping involved in rescue efforts. Tsunami rescue forces included U.S. Navy carriers and amphibious battle groups plus 12 ships of the Military Sealift Command.

Taiwanese container ship operator Yang Ming offered free transport and top priority for aid shipments to the battered area. At sea, the K Line vessel *Durban Bridge* picked up a man who had been floating on a large dead tree for nine days. He had lived on coconuts and a few packages of noodles. For a few days he was joined by another man floating in a large pot but that man decided to swim to ships visible in the distance. And an

Indonesian woman survived five days by holding onto a sago palm tree until rescued by a Malaysian tuna fishing boat.

Source of the mystery oil spill in Puget Sound last October was the aging tanker *Polar Texas*, which was sold for scrapping the next month. (It brought in \$410 per ldt or \$7.5 million.) About 1,000-1,500 gallons of crude oil spoiled more than 20 miles of beaches and the cleanup cost more than \$2 million.

Off Brunei a freak wave about 15'-20' high slammed into a prawn fishing boat and swept two men off. One was not rescued. The seas were relatively calm at the time.

Removal of oil from the remains of the bulker *Selandang Ayu*, broken in half off Unalaska Island in Alaska, started when a heavy-lift helicopter hoisted the first portable tank of oil off the stern half of the vessel. Although some oil from other tanks got into the water, effects on the beaches seem remarkably minimal. The reader may wonder why the vessel was north of the Aleutian Islands in the Bering Sea on a voyage from Seattle to China. If so, find a globe and stretch a string between the two end points. About 2,000 vessels pass through the Aleutians and often extreme weather each year on such Great Circle routes between North America and the Far East. Critics have stated that a risk analysis is overdue but the Coast Guard has yet to agree.

Fighting the Nasties

Japan may export some of its decommissioned smaller warships and Coast Guard cutters to countries that could use them to combat terrorism or piracy but must first get around three rules banning reuse of decommissioned warships. Singapore and Malaysia are likely recipients.

Indonesia captured the pirates who hijacked the tugboat *Surya Wira* /towing the barge *Surya Nawa 9*. The owners hired a plane that spotted the vessels in the Berhala Straits and four warships retook the pair the next day. In the Malacca Straits the master and chief engineer of the tug *Da Ena Sovereign* were kidnapped by pirates.

Establishment of a 1,000-mile "security zone" around Australia aroused New Zealand authorities because some of that country's exclusive economic zone and territorial waters are inside the new zone. Australia explained that all it meant was that ships would have to report position, course, speed, destination, and cargo carried before crossing the zone's border. Kiwi commentators noted that a sizable increase in Australian vessels and aircraft would be required to police such a big zone and purveyors of warships and patrol aircraft should take note of the large potential market.

Legal Matters

The State of Washington fined the Greek owners of the tanker *Rosa Tomasonis* \$12,000 for allowing 519 gallons of oil to spill into the Columbia River from an over-filled tank during refueling operations. The chief engineer ignored a "nearly full" alarm, the third engineer was delivering an oil sample to the chief engineer, and the watchman was busy loading supplies on the other side of the ship.

Odd Bits

A British salvage diver died in Romania while salvaging the *Rostock*, a ship that sank

in the Danube 14 years ago. He was clearing away silt in the engine room when tons of it fell upon him. He was in communication with topsides for ten minutes afterwards, then silence.

Upper Mississippi River barge traffic continued a 15-year downward trend by being down by double digits last year. This spells bad news for the Army Corps of Engineers' \$2.4 plus billion program to modernize locks on the Upper River.

By increasing 16% last year, container traffic led all commodities upward at Rotterdam, but Shanghai edged Rotterdam for the first spot in total landings.

A vessel hired to bring food and fuel to war-stricken Somalia arrived at the port of Mogadishu for the first time in nearly a decade but a local warlord forced it to leave unloaded because there had been no agreement with rivals over who should control the port and revenues.

Remote Pitcairn Island, final refuge of the *HMS Bounty* mutineers, was in the news again. One of its two 40' longboats, the only means of getting on or off the island, capsized when an unusually large wave hit it and then smashed it against the rocks. Islanders managed to get a line on the boat but the line broke and the recoil nearly severed the right arm of Darralyn Griffiths. She was patched up and taken on a two-and-a-half day sail to Mangareva where she could be flown to Tahiti and then to New Zealand. She is expected to regain 90% use of the arm but lost in the boat smash were the materials for a new home for her and her husband Turi.

On Pitcairn, a British court tried seven of its few men and found six of them guilty of more than 51 charges of rapes and indecent assaults on women, some time before they reached puberty. The defense will appeal, stating that Britain does not have jurisdiction over the island (that ended when the mutineers sank the *Bounty* in 1790), and secondly that Britain had never made known to the islanders that rape and underage sex were illegal. Some females had told investigators that sex with the men was how it was and how it had been for generations.

Norway's Frigg gas field has come to the end of its 27-year life after producing 192 billion cubic metres of gas and condensate. The field had a 78% recovery rate and contained 40% more gas than estimated when production started in 1977.

Head-Shakers

Off Florida, spear fisherman Ignacio Siberio free-dove from his anchored boat but it drifted away. He then spent 20 hours clinging to a lobster trap buoy until his grand-nephew rescued him some 40 miles from where he had been diving. Siberio is 80 years old.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.
New Port Richey, FL 34653
cruisingministries@hotmail.com



I designed Heart of Gold II to be an inexpensive but comfortable live-aboard cruiser. My first boat was a sailboat, but after taking it down the Mississippi River and Ten-Tom Waterway, I fell in love with river and canal cruising so I designed and built Heart of Gold, a 26' outboard powered river boat. I lived on it for two years but it was a bit cramped, similar to living in a van. What I wanted was more like a motor home. I have no plans to go offshore, only coastal cruising, so it didn't have to be a good sea boat. Looks were important because I refuse to live on an ugly boat. Since I didn't want to spend more than a year building it, it had to be simple to build. Shallow draft was important, the shallower the better.

A sharpie hull was chosen, it being the simplest type. The hull was originally going to be 36'x8' but I stretched it to 38' feet with a 9' beam. I don't think the extra length and beam costs that much more and it really made the interior more comfortable. It has a "Street Car" cabin like the launches that were common around 1900. Outboard power was chosen because it is cheaper and simpler than an inboard and the new 4-strokes are dependable and efficient. An inboard would also interfere with the cabin arrangement.

The bottom is 8' wide from amidships to the transom. The sides flare out forward and tumble home toward the stern, forming a sweeping shear line. There is room on the cabin roof for a nice 12' skiff and a few solar panels. The mast and boom are used for hoisting the dinghy. The mast easily lowers for a 10' bridge clearance. Since I am tall I needed good headroom, so the minimum headroom in the cabin is 6'8".

The aft cockpit is self bailing and has lockers for propane storage, along with two 27-gal. fuel tanks. A sliding door leads to the cabin. There is a couch that folds into a 7'x4-1/2' bed and a large desk and hanging locker opposite. There is just enough room between the made-up bed and desk to walk through so I don't have to crawl over the bed. There are plenty of bookshelves forward of the desk and bed. Forward to port is a 4'x4'

Heart of Gold II

By Mark V. Abbema

head, with enough room for a composting toilet or a conventional marine head and a separate shower stall.

The forward part of the cabin has an 8' galley with an 18" wide pantry with sliding shelves. Water tanks are located under the galley and head counters, totaling 90 gals. Across from the galley is a folding table with enough floor space for two guests to sleep on an air mattress. Forward of the galley is the helm. The cabin is light and airy with plenty of opening windows. The windows are low enough so I can see the horizon while seated. The forward most side windows hinge back and hook to the cabin side so the helmsman can lean out the windows for a better view aft and for easy docking. There is easy and quick access to the sunken foredeck for anchoring. The forepeak is large enough for a full-sized bicycle and there are also two self-bailing chain lockers.

Before construction began I had to find a shop to build it in. I tried building a boat outside once and I will never do that again. I spent about a month looking around and finally found a 48'x28' building that was on an old farm. The building had a concrete floor and insulation. Since the doors were on the sides of the building, getting the boat out would require part of a wall to be removed, something to worry about later. The property was for sale and the owner didn't want to sign a lease. I ended up renting it for \$100 a month.

I lofted the hull half-length on five sheets of plywood. The plans were drawn on a computer so lofting wasn't really necessary, but I just wanted to make sure. I used mainly standard lumberyard materials as much as possible. I found a really nice stack of 1/2" A/C fir at Lowe's. It had five plies and very few voids. I would have bought marine plywood if they had only had the nasty, four-ply A/C stuff. I used one to one

laminating epoxy resin from Fiberglass Coatings, Inc. and I was very pleased with it. It had a long working time for hot weather. I thickened it with colloidal silica to use for glue.

The seven frames in the cabin area were temporary as there are no full-width bulkheads there. I assembled them out of 1"x6" pine. The other bulkheads are a permanent part of the boat, made out of 1/2" plywood with 3/4" pine framing. A strongback was made out of 2"x4"s, leveled using a laser level which made the job go quickly. The bulkheads and molds were set up on the strongback, checked for fairness with long battens, and beveled with a plane.

Notches were cut in the molds and bulkheads for the shear clamps and chine logs, which are two layers of 3/4" pine. The shear clamps and chine logs were scarfed to length and laminated out of two layers of 3/4" pine. The first layer of the bottom is 3/4" plywood forward and aft of the cabin area and 3/4" tongue-and-groove flooring in the cabin area. The flooring would later be varnished and serve as the cabin sole. The boat has no bilge. I acquired some fir flooring from an old house, beautiful vertical grain and no knots. I don't think you can find wood like that any more. I screwed one row of fir to the centerline and then glued three rows at a time on each side. I screwed blocks outside the three rows and jammed wedges between the blocks and the planks to clamp them in place. Then I repeated the process on the other side. It was in the upper 90s so I was glad I had a slower curing epoxy.

The sides are two layers of 1/2" plywood. I made temporary adjustable supports to hold the side panels in place for marking. After they were cut to shape I glued them in place using drywall screws, which were removed after the epoxy cured. The second layer of the bottom, 1/2" plywood, was then glued on. I drilled pilot holes every 8" or so, then used drywall screws. If the screws are dipped in paste wax they are easier to remove later. The second layer of the sides was glued on and then the third layer of the bottom. The

bottom is a full 2" thick, stiff enough to eliminate need for a lot of interior bulkheads and framing.

A slot was cut for the off-centerboard. That experiment wasn't worth the effort. I figured that a centerboard would eliminate the need for a skeg, but it turned out that I was wrong. Twin 8" skegs were added when the boat was hauled and it now tracks well. The outer stem was laminated together, glued in place, and carved to shape. The motor well was built while the hull was still upside-down.

The hull was sanded and filled and covered with a layer of Zynole polyester cloth and epoxy. I laid the cloth on uncoated wood and used cheap foam rollers to apply the epoxy. When the first coat was partially cured, I rolled on a second coat. When that was fully cured the high spots were sanded smooth. Epoxy thickened with talc was troweled on and it was sanded again. A couple more passes and the hull was nice and smooth. I've used various expensive fillers from WEST for fairing before, but talc seems to work better than anything else I've tried.

I painted the bottom with ablative anti-fouling paint and then turned the hull over. The hull was slid to one side of the building and gradually jacked and blocked up, and then back down right side up. It went smoothly, we didn't drop it. It took two days with just two people. At this point, my Dad saw how much fun I was having so he decided to build his own boat, a 20' trailerable cabin cruiser, also my design (the Mark V 20).

Once the hull was right side up the inside bottom of the hull was sanded smooth. It took a lot of sanding disks since the old varnish had to be sanded off. The side decks were laminated up with five layers of 3/4"x2" fir (also from the old house). The wide side decks, really just a wide shear clamp, will add quite a bit of stiffness to the hull, eliminating the need for a lot of structural bulkheads.

The next step was to install the upright cabin posts. They were notched at the bottom to fit around the chine logs and glued and screwed to the inside of the side deck. The windows fit between the cabin posts. I drew lines on the cabin sole where all the interior bulkheads would be and the bulkheads were installed. They were filleted and taped to the hull sides. The water tanks were built into the hull, sheathed on the inside with cloth and epoxy. The portside tank, under the head counter, will hold around 60 gals. and the starboard tank, under the galley counter, will hold around 30 gals. After trying to figure out a simple way of checking the water level in the tanks, I decided to make two of the access panels out of Plexiglas so I could just look into the tanks.

The interior arrangement is very flexible so other builders can change the interior to suit. There should be one or two partial bulkheads near the middle of the cabin to stiffen the hull sides and the water tanks should be close to where shown on the plans. The location of the windows can also be changed. The boat could also be built as a water taxi with a wide open interior or possibly an open launch with a canopy.

The cabin roof beams were laminated out of four layers of 1/2" plywood. I had plenty of long, narrow pieces of scrap left over from the hull planking. A jig was made to clamp the beams to for laminating. A tem-



porary roof support was made out of 2'x4's and one of the beams was used as a pattern to mark the height of the upright cabin posts. The top outside of the posts were notched for the 3/4"x2" roof stringer. The roof beams were cut to fit snugly between the roof stringers and glued in place. One layer of 1/2" plywood was glued on top of that and then the temporary supports were removed. The roof is stiff enough for a 200-lb. person to walk on, but it wouldn't be wise to jump around a lot. Two layers of 3/8" plywood would be a lot stiffer and not too much heavier. After the roof was on the cabin sides, one layer of 1/4" plywood, were glued on.

Winter arrived and it was a little colder than convenient, so it was difficult to heat the shop and I didn't get much done. I was heating the shop with a 240v space heater, which was on 24 hours a day, and propane space heaters were used during the day. I tried to keep the shop at 60 degrees during the day, but some mornings it was in the 30s. I didn't even try to heat the shop if it was too cold and windy outside.

I set up temporary beams to check and see how big the hatch needed to be to fit a full-sized bicycle and then assembled and glued the 3/4" foredeck on.

The aft cockpit was changed a few times up to this point. I first wanted the cockpit sole to be the full width of the boat and have above deck fuel tanks. The only access under the cockpit would be from inside the cabin or from inspection ports. That way there would be no chance of fuel or water to get inside the hull. I changed my mind and decided to make my own tanks with plywood and epoxy and figured that if the cockpit seats open up to the bottom of the hull, there would be lots more storage. I then learned that alcohol eats epoxy and I didn't want to risk accidentally getting gas with alcohol, so I bought Tempo below deck fuel tanks to fit. Since the tanks had to be removable, the entire cockpit seat assembly had to be removable and I also needed a leak-proof lid. After going through all the trouble, it turned out that I should have done it the way I originally planned.

The cabin sole, after many hours of enjoyable sanding, was varnished. I considered coating it with epoxy first, but decided against it as there should be no standing water. So far it appears that I made the right decision.

The boat has 15 windows plus two round ports. One of the windows is the sliding door aft and nine of them swing open. I made the window frames out of treated yellow pine, but if I did it again I'd spend the extra money on mahogany as the pine tends to warp a bit. The window frames were all lap joined, and since only two of the windows are square, I made a jig for the radial arm saw so I could cut the laps to the correct angle. After assembling and gluing all 15 windows, two of them warped and had to be remade. On one of the remakes I forgot the last step, which was fitting the frame in the window opening before the epoxy cures, and I had to remake it again. So far 18 window frames were made.

In mid-February I found out that the property that my shop was on was being sold at the end of March. I talked to the new owner, who was going to build a new KFC restaurant, and he said that he didn't think he would tear down the building but he needed it for storage. I would have to have the boat outside by early April but I could probably still use part of the building for a shop. I decided to concentrate on getting the exterior of the boat as complete as possible before I had to move.

I cut a rabbet inside the window frames for the 1/4" Plexiglas, which was held in place with battens. Since the upper batten had to curve, I made a jig and soaked the battens for a few days, clamped them to a curved jig, and let them dry. While I was messing with the windows I sheathed the outside of the cabin and cockpits, and painted some of the interior bulkheads. The cabin sides and window frames were painted, all paint used was latex house paint. The windows were installed, some of the wiring and plumbing was installed, and the interior paneling was started. I installed drains in the roof to drain into the water tank so I could collect rain water.

The new owner of the building announced that he would have to disassemble and move the building as it was located in what would be a parking lot, but I could still use the building until June. It was a relief to hear that, as March was a very stressful month with that imminent deadline for moving.

The interior paneling is 1/4" lauan underlayment. White bathroom paneling was used on the overhead, but it was too flimsy to

use for the walls. The drawers under the couch are large so they are just boxes on casters. After many days spent thinking about an easy way to convert the couch to a bed, looking at diagrams of interlocking sliding extensions amongst other ideas, I finally decided that I could just set the back of the couch on top of two open drawers. Very quick and simple, it's amazing it took me so long to think of. The desk has a roll-out bin for a computer printer and other storage. The desk, galley and head counters, and table are all varnished 3/4" birch veneer plywood. The galley front was assembled with cutouts for drawers and stove.

I spent a few months checking e-Bay for antique steering wheels and finally found a really nice one for \$45. I had my brother machine a collar for it so it would fit on the Teleflex shaft.

There is a combination dorade box, solar panel holder, and name board holder on the forward part of the roof. A sliding panel is underneath. I will not go into details of the many hours I spent on the off-centerboard since, after using it, I don't think it was worth the effort and I wouldn't include it if I built the boat again.

The interior details took much longer than anticipated. The pressure water pump was installed. I don't have a water heater so a cold water line was hooked up to both sides of the faucets. I used the cheapest household faucets I could find and they worked well. The ice box has 4" of insulation and can keep beer cold for almost a week with two bags of ice.

I spent many hours trying to figure out a simple and cheap way to hold the windows open and ended up using a bent brass rod stuck in a hole in the window sill. Cabinet latches are used to hold the windows closed. I made screens in frames to fit inside the four aft side windows and the front door. They are stored inside the off-centerboard trunk when not in use.

The mast is 3"x3" and on a tabernacle to make lowering easier. I didn't test the rig until after launching the boat, and it turned out that the boom was too short to hoist the dinghy with the motor on as the balance point was too far aft. Also, the tabernacle was too low to lower the mast with the dinghy on the roof. I have since remade the mast and boom, eliminating the tabernacle, since lowering a 12' mast is not that difficult. My sis-



ter carved some nice name boards out of mahogany (the only exterior varnish).

I started the trim work on the interior. I used black walnut as it is a nice looking wood and is about 1/5th the price of teak. I had it all re-sawn since my 8" table saw was not up to the task. Overall I have just over \$400 invested in hardwood trim. Most of the cabinet doors have woven cane for ventilation. It also looks nice.

I installed a Sun-Mar composting toilet after using it in my trailer for six months. The exhaust fan was excessively loud so I ordered a Vetus 12 volt ventilator to replace it.

The time arrived when my shop had to be disassembled, and since I didn't have the boat moved yet the shop was torn down around the boat. This was the first time I was able to see the boat from more than 15' away. The boat had to be moved a few hundred feet back, and since we didn't have a trailer available the boat was jacked up onto a frame made out of telephone poles and dragged back with a tractor.

In June, after a few days of rain, I went out to the boat and discovered that it had been broken into. One of the window frames was destroyed (I've had plenty of practice making them), about \$600 worth of stuff was stolen, including the antique steering wheel (dammit). The thieves insisted on taking my \$99 fish finder so all the paneling on the port side was torn out to get the transducer wire. Since it rained for two days into the open door and window, the boat was a mess. It took about two weeks to get back to where I was. From this point on I slept aboard the boat at night to prevent that from happening again.

I attached the PVC rub rails, the gutter around the cabin, and made the transom ladder. Since I was now camping aboard, I quickly made some window screens and completed the bed with 5" foam. It took until September to complete the many details that needed to be done before launching day.

Before launching the boat first had to be put on a trailer. We used a John Deere flatbed trailer. The bed was 8' wide and 28' long, with a moveable axle assembly. I figured that with the wheels all the way aft the balance point would be just forward of the wheels. The boat was jacked up and the front of the boat placed on a 16' beam, made by screwing 2"x6"s together. When the boat was jacked up high enough the trailer was backed under it and the boat was then lowered onto the trailer.

Launching day was planned for September 11, 2001, but the day before the guy who had the tractor said he couldn't do it until the 12th. It turned out that September 11th wouldn't have been a very good day to have a boat launching party after all.

The engine was fitted and then removed. The launching ramp we would be using was steep and I was worried about water coming over the transom so a temporary extension was added, bolted through the holes drilled for the motor. It turned out to be necessary as the water came up a few inches above the motor well.

The launching ramp was ten miles away and we made quite a scene driving down the highway at 20 miles per hour. The boat was backed down the ramp and floated away nicely after being pushed off the trailer. The temporary extension was removed and the motor was installed.

I chose a 25hp Mercury Four-Stroke Bigfoot outboard because I couldn't afford the Yamaha T-50 that I wanted. I usually cruise at 7kts but can cruise at 8kts. I think the T-50 would push the boat well over 10kts and at 7kts I probably couldn't hear the engine from the helm. I can hear my engine, I would rather not be able to.

I spent a total of about \$20,000 on the boat, including motor and gear. I have lived aboard for over a year and cruised from Boonville, Missouri, down the Missouri and

Mississippi Rivers to Louisiana, along the Gulf Coast to south Florida, back up to Mobile, Alabama, and back down to south Florida. I am happy with the boat and I can't think of any major changes that it needs.

Complete building plans are \$85. The plans have lots of color photos of the boat being built. Metric plans are also available. Plans are available from me, Mark V Designs, 1019 Riviera Dr. Boonville MO 65233, markvdesigns@lycos.com, <http://markvdesigns.com>



I rarely enter design competitions, the judges seem mainly fixated on mainstream, mass produced, plastic boats, but every now and again I get the feeling that I should give it a try. A boating magazine editor friend showed me the brief for an upcoming competition for a six and a bit metre long trailerable cruiser capable of coastal cruising four up, and able to be built by a handy amateur with only the usual collection of tools. I like the idea of trailerable cruisers, it has been my observation that some of these smaller boats give their owners much more use and pleasure than bigger craft that live on a mooring and which when daysailing are confined to a radius not greater than the distance they can cover out and back in an afternoon.

Cruising at 50mph behind a car the trailerable boat can cover long distances after work on Friday evening, and by sailing at a wide variety of venues can afford its owner a lot of interesting experiences. Maintenance can be done at home, the winter storms are not a threat to a boat moored in the backyard under a cover, and the boat can be organized and stocked before the voyagers even leave home. I've even used one overnight as a caravan on a trip to a really distant cruising venue. There is a lot of sense in the concept, so on this occasion I was really interested and the drawing board ran hot for a few weeks.

I didn't win. Penguin, with her classical styling and traditional gaff rig, did not fit the judges' perception of what was wanted, but Penguin got a special mention and has been a very successful design with quite a number built since.

While she was designed with the often boisterous conditions of New Zealand's Hauraki Gulf in mind, she has been most popular along the coast of South Australia where the Roaring Forties pile up against an ironbound shore, her powerful rig and stable hull enabling her to cope with the big confused seas typical of a steep to lee shore. Harbours are often far apart there and the ability to safely make passages from one refuge to the next and then creep into a shallow and sheltered corner with the centreboard up has made the little cruiser ideal for this type of exploring.

Small boats often suffer from being just a fraction too small to be properly comfortable, and I have made Penguin just slightly bigger than the design competition brief so I could get enough elbow room to be really liveable. In fact, one Penguin is the perma-

Tasmanian Greg Pullen's Penguin, *Little Wing*, out sailing on the river near Hobart. This nicely built boat has proven to be a race winner as well as a capable cruiser.



Penguin

A Gaff Cutter for Today

Design by John Welsford
Small Craft Design

Photos by Greg Pullen and Mark Siddle

Length on deck	6.4m	21'
Beam	2.24m	8'
Draft board up	0.3m	1'
Draft board down	1.25m	4'2"
Weight (dry) approx.	970 kg	2,138lbs
SA gaff sloop	21.8sq m	235sf
SA masthead sloop	20.7sq m	223sf

Gaff Yawl rig also available

rent home of its happy owner! Accommodationwise there is a lot of space in her, full standing headroom for an average sort of guy in under the main hatch, while there is enough height in the main cabin to move around comfortably.

Beds are beds by whatever name, the human body does not change dimensions or shape when it goes to sea and people need space to stretch out in order to get a good night's sleep. Penguin's forward bunk is a true double, private in its own cabin and close to queen-sized with good sitting headroom aft and lockers each side. This is an ideal place to be in of a morning with the forward hatch open letting the sun in while the skipper takes his turn at cooking breakfast for the kids swimming off the transom.

Back in the main cabin there are settees on each side, two quarter berths each side, and lots of storage space, a folding table over the centrecase and a galley forward on the port side out of the way of the crew movements. This leaves the cook secure and comfortable while turning out the mountains of food that a young crew will inevitably eat while away from home and active.

Opposite the galley is an enclosed head. Not your luxury ensuite but adequate and with enough room for someone shy to sponge bath or even just sit with one of the old Readers Digests that inevitably infest the smallest room in the house (I've never yet met anyone who will admit to reading them but there they are).

Upstairs, the cockpit is long enough to lie down in, the outboard mounts inboard in

a well, there is an anchor well up forward where muddy ground tackle can be stowed and into which a crewmember sitting on the foredeck can put his/her feet. The bowsprit is mounted down inside the well and can be unshipped for marinas or trailering.

Her mast is mounted in a very substantial tabernacle making it possible to rig her single handed, the stays being traditionally fitted with loops spliced in the standing rigging and set up on shouldered cleats at the masthead, meaning that the mast is easy to strip and service while the boom is light enough to be easily handled.

"The little gaff sloop slipped quietly in just before sunset, mother on the helm while father and the two sub teens got the sails down and tidy as the outboard brought them into the bay. The boat was run into knee deep water near the beach so the kids could pile over the side and race ashore to let off steam on the freedom of the beach while their parents took the little ship out to anchor where she would lie for the night.

With the anchor down and secure, the beginnings of the evening meal simmering on the stove, and everything stowed away shipshape, the parents came ashore in the dinghy and walked off hand-in-hand toward their children racing ahead along the glistening wet sands."

Plans are US\$245, available from Chuck Leinweber, 608 Gammenthaler, Harper, TX 78631, USA, <chuck@duckworksmagazine.com>, www.duckworks-magazine.com



View from the after end of the cockpit shows the the main companionway and cabin to the galley on the port and heads on the starboard side, there is a glimpse of the queen-sized double bed in its separate cabin forward of that. Penguin, for her size, offers a good compromise between space and privacy.

Sitting in the prime spot alongside the galley 14-year-old Terry Siddle shows just how comfortable Penguin's interior can be, adequate headroom, good storage and lockers, and a short reach to the coffeepot.



It never occurred to me that I might some day build a boat. It never occurred to me that I might someday want to build a boat. And I'm not really sure how I got here.

I always wanted a boat, but there was a slight catch. Two slight catches. We didn't live anywhere near water that anybody considered to be boatable water, and my father had, not unlike many other WWII troop ship veterans, a powerful acquired distaste for boats and water.

I did have a boat once in those growing-up years. Sort of. I traded something to an older neighbor for a 10'-12' wooden runabout with no motor, no interior, no controls, no nothing but a battered, decaying hull. My parents were thrilled to come home and find it in the back yard. I used it to dream on, but that was about it, and at last it finished its trip to the dump without me.

I built a raft once, too, with my father's help. I don't know exactly how I hornswoggled him into it, but we built it together out of styrofoam typewriter packing crates and 1"x6"s, bolts, and rope. It was pretty cool. It floated and could be paddled as long as the wind wasn't against me. Once, just once, we hauled it 150 miles to the Lake of the Ozarks to a friend's parent's dock. On its one and only major voyage the packing crates leaked at the seams and it sank deeper and deeper into the water. Tom and I noticed, to our dismay, that we had paddled out downwind several hundred yards and now had many additional pounds of water-filled raft to paddle back to the dock. The only plus was that it didn't stick nearly so high up into the air with all that water inside the crates and we did eventually make it back. I'm not sure what became of the raft.

Years passed. A war intervened, and marriage, and a motorcycle. Then one fateful day I said, "Any day that's fit to ride a motorcycle would be better spent on a boat," and put the bike in the local advertiser.

First I bought little sailboats. Not much, and not impressive, but I learned to catch the wind and make the magic of silent propulsion mine. Sailboats, though, pretty strongly imply water, open water, water other than rivers, and here in Missouri the only remaining water other than rivers is behind dams. Reservoirs. I don't much like reservoirs, and the longer I boated on them the less I liked them. Lakes, most people call 'em, but there is such a thing as a lake and it's not much like a reservoir. Either way, though, you just can't go anywhere on a lake or reservoir except around in circles. Rivers offer the whole world (unless some damn fool has dammed them up.) They're a long way away from where I live, anyway, those fake lakes.

Now that I had traded motorcycles in for boats, I still had half of my childhood quandary. My father could no longer control my recreational choices, but that closest boatable water was still about 150 miles away. All except for the Missouri River, the big, swift, muddy, little used river which had been modified into a swift, little used barge canal that flowed through my home town. The Corps-improved Missouri had a reputation of being too swift with far too powerful and capricious currents to be navigated safely by anything smaller than a commercial tow. Very few people would ever voluntarily put a small boat into that river.

But, in the immortal words of somebody or other, Will Rogers maybe, the problem with most people ain't that they're igno-

Accidental Boatbuilder - Part I

By Jeffrey McFadden

rant, it's that they know so much that ain't so. I discovered a raggedy old boat ramp under a bridge on the lower reaches of the Kaw River, a large tributary to the Missouri a few miles above the confluence and even fewer miles from home. I could be on the water within minutes from home, but not in a sailboat. Down between high levees wind rarely ruffled the surface of the Kaw, and even its lazy current was far too much for such sailing as might be possible in the available stray breezes. Rivers aren't straight, either. Sooner or later, probably sooner, I'd have had to sail dead into the wind. Sailing was out.

So... new water, new boat. It seemed to me that the right boat for the big river would be the same as the traditional boat on Missouri's smaller rivers, the narrow john boat. Somewhere or other I had acquired a 1947 Firestone 5hp outboard motor, so to match it I bought a 14' narrow (30" bottom) aluminum john boat.

Right away I decided that I needed to glue some cheap indoor-outdoor carpet on the floor of the little john boat so it didn't clunk and clank so much when I moved around in it. But as they say, be careful what you start doing, it might lead to stronger stuff.

I offered many excuses for what I was doing out on the rivers in those days. I was fishing. I was hunting. Mostly, though, I was doing in secret the same thing I still do today, unashamed. I was messing about in boats, quoting the River Rat, even re-reading *The Wind in the Willows* one winter just to keep the magic fresh. I was playing in the current, learning how to do amazing things using the balance between a modest boat and the ever-dependable running water. From time to time I returned to "lakes" for a little boating, but the longer I lived with big brown rivers, the less I enjoyed reservoirs.

Fast forward three decades, more or less. Other boats came and went. The years took me away from the river and my marriage went. Once again the old river rat found himself back on the river.

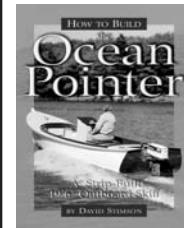
The Missouri River has been embroiled in an obscure but intense controversy for almost as long as I've been on it. It has to do with barges and birds, reservoirs upriver, and this damaged but still beautiful river downstream. It has to do with farms and flood control and what a river is supposed to be anyway? It has to do with the United States Army Corps of Engineers and has even brought business in the U.S. Senate to a screeching halt from time to time. Although there is much disagreement between the powerful political and economic forces involved upriver and down, there is broad although not universal consensus that environmentalists are the bad guys. Under the terms of this definition, anybody who wants to see a healthy flowing Missouri River with vigorous and secure populations of native fish and birds is the accursed environmentalist.

Eventually reporters got interested. There was no way in the world that the competing claims of barge operators, fishermen, downstream river users, and upstream lake

users could all be true, let alone all be accommodated. Some reporters found me, the most talkative perhaps, of the boaters on the Big Muddy, and in due time I found myself hauling reporters and photographers out to see for themselves what was there. "Where are the barges?" they would ask. "Beats me," I would answer. "Not here."

Just as they say that a proficiency with billiards is evidence of a misspent youth, this old river rat realized that he had enough hours on the water to qualify for a master's license, a large percentage of them in that tiny, narrow john boat, first with the ancient Firestone and, in later years, fully modernized and nearly overpowered with a 1970s model Evinrude 7.5 horse outboard, bought new just for the little boat but in later years for other flat-bottomed metal boats that had offered more space and shelter. What I still didn't have, though, even after all these years, was a boat fit to take passengers out on the river. Nor the license, but I figured I could take care of that.

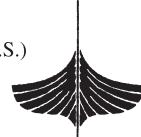
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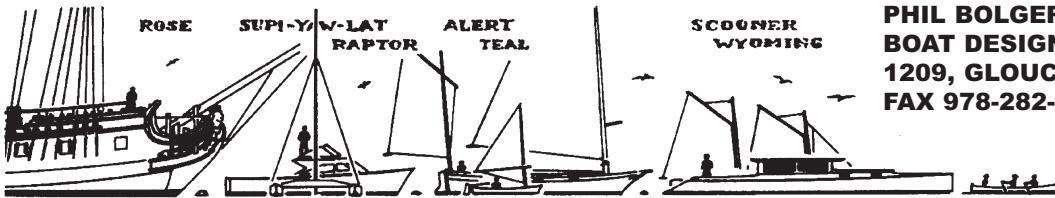


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I designed the Striker 24 over 50 years ago, "before I knew any better" as Francis Herreshoff wrote in connection with a design of his that he wasn't happy about. I still like the styling a lot and the basic idea was quite sound. In this size boat steel construction, especially if its carried right through to the decks and upper works, has to be very heavy. I'd picked up an idea from observing the Japanese Yamato Boats that by giving a boat a thick box keel to float the extra weight, the main hull could have a normal shape without being overloaded. I'd run this arrangement by John Hacker a few years before when I was a draftsman in his office, and he thought well enough of it to sign off on a design I made for a client of his.

The Hacker-influenced hull shape can now be seen to be rather poorly proportioned. He had little experience with sheet materials so did not spot the poor fairing of the bow around and below the waterline. The building plans of this boat have disappeared, but you can see in these published drawings that there's a quick curve in the knuckle where the box keel side joins the hull bottom proper. This threw a bluntness into the entrance lines that blew spray out and up. We added makeshift spray rails which helped. The box keel worked as intended but in later designs I realized that it could have more buoyancy in its ends if it was "area-ruled" with a dead flat or even a wasp waist through the middle part instead of being a continuous canoe shape; the latter made the ends sharper than there was any point for.

My design called for very light plating, as I remember it some of it was 13-gauge. There was an elaborate out-of-the-textbook system of light frames and stringers to support it. The boss of the Long Island welding shop that built the prototype had misgivings that he would not be able to weld the thin steel without ugly distortion, but he followed the plans until he had all the framing set up, bottom up and ready to start laying the plating. At that point he approached me and the

Bolger on Design

Steel Sportfisherman "Striker - 24"

24'2" x 8'6" x 2'0"

promoter with a calculation of the weight of all the framing and of the weight of an unframed hull perfectly bare inside, of highly weldable 10-gauge plate. The latter was heavier, but not prohibitively so, and the advantages in finishing and maintenance would obviously be huge if it would hold its shape. So he used the designed framing as a jig over which he assembled a very fair 10-gauge shell.

This was launched into Great South Bay with no accommodations and just the perimeter deck, no cockpit sole, no cabin trunk. The promoter, the builder, and I ran her around on a nasty winter day, each armed with a piece of chalk to mark places that showed signs of oilcanning. There were, in fact, very few. The boat went back into the shop to have some simple and light stiffening added here and there. She was then sandblasted, zinc sprayed, and epoxy coated, put back overboard, still all open, and kept afloat and unsheltered the rest of the winter. Six months later there was no sign of a rust problem or of any electrolytic troubles and she came out again for cabin, upper works, etc. to be added.

All the while she was a bare shell she naturally was floating very light. As I remember it, she only had a small temporary fuel tank. But she did have a 145hp Nordberg inline-6 gasoline engine, and in this condition she made 25.6 statute mph wide open with quite satisfactory trim and handling, though she did have a tendency to yaw in a steep following sea. Of course, she never

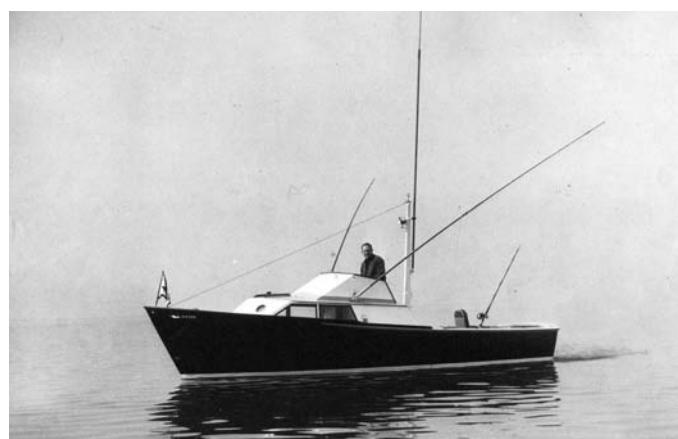
went that fast again, but it sounded good in an advertisement. All in all it was an illuminating experience for a still wet-behind-the-ears designer.

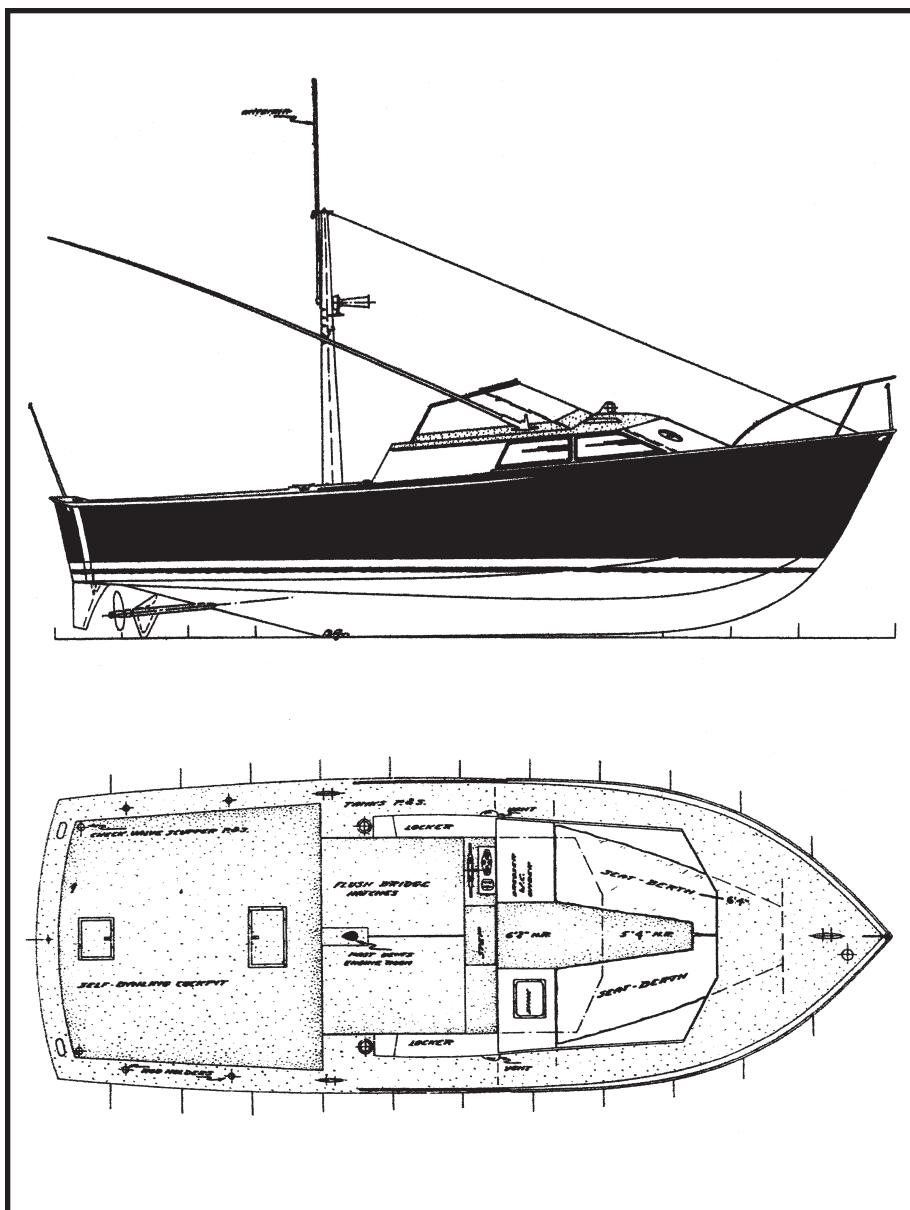
Quite a few were built by Striker, including the patrol boat version shown in the second photo, this one for Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado. Later they moved the operation to Florida and I designed an improved hull since they had to make new jigs in any case. Later still they contracted for some larger hulls in the Netherlands which I designed with input from the Dutch builder's designers. The latter eventually took over all the design work as the promoter (of what by then had become a sizable company) concluded that the designs would sell better if they were more conventional than what I was offering.

Among other things, they were shifting from steel to aluminum and went much more conventionally towards the usual vee bottom single-chine hulls so dominant to this day. Over these 50 years, though, I have continued to find the utility of the box keel useful across a broad range of hull geometries, boat show fads or not. There have been box keel based displacement and planing powerboat hulls in addition to a series of sailing box keel auxiliaries where there were distinct advantages given certain assumptions.

I think the company stayed with me as long as they did because the styling had been such a success, and they kept the general looks in their products for many years. Incidentally, the name of the Striker Boat Company was suggested by my sister-in-law, as Strike for a good name for a sport fishing boat, passed on by me and adopted with the added R for some reason.

No working plans of this boat are available now. Too many alterations would be necessary with 50+ years of hindsight to bring them up to a 21st century standard. But the lesson that a thick shell with minimal framing can work well is permanent, and not only in metal.





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Nutshell Camper

By Mike Moore

After trading in my full-sized pick-up for a smaller Ford Ranger, I thought that time was also up for my 7' Nutshell Pram. Previously the pram had fit with room to spare between the wheel wells of the larger truck, but I knew that would not be the case with the 4'x6' steepside bed of the new truck. I decided to trade the boat in for something bigger which would ride on a trailer. I began experimenting with how I could load the pram for its final trip to the boat builder.

After running the boat into the bed a couple of different ways, I had the idea to put a couple of boards across the bed rails and flip the boat upside down over them. The process is pictured here, the Nutshell Pram becomes the Nutshell Camper or, as it's been suggested, the "Nutcampershell." The pram fits neatly behind the cab and covers most of the cargo area. The cross boards are wedged in place by friction and the curve of the sheer. The boat is secured by ropes running from anchor points inside of the truck bed. Oars and spar ride under the boat, over the cross boards, with only the mast and boom sticking out. The boat creates a secure cap for anything in the bed and would provide adequate cover for camping out, as long as it's not raining!

The new arrangement was interesting enough to overcome the new boat bug and it looks like I'll continue to use my pram for the near future. It's likely that this set-up has been covered before, but it's a new idea to me. I've been wondering if a boat similar to the Bolger Briick could be custom sized to double as a truck cap, actually dimensioned to fit the rails so that the weather could be kept out. Further, it seems possible that a commercial truck cap could be put to use as a boat, at least as capable as previously reported stomped out tin roofing and old car hoods!



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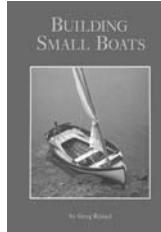
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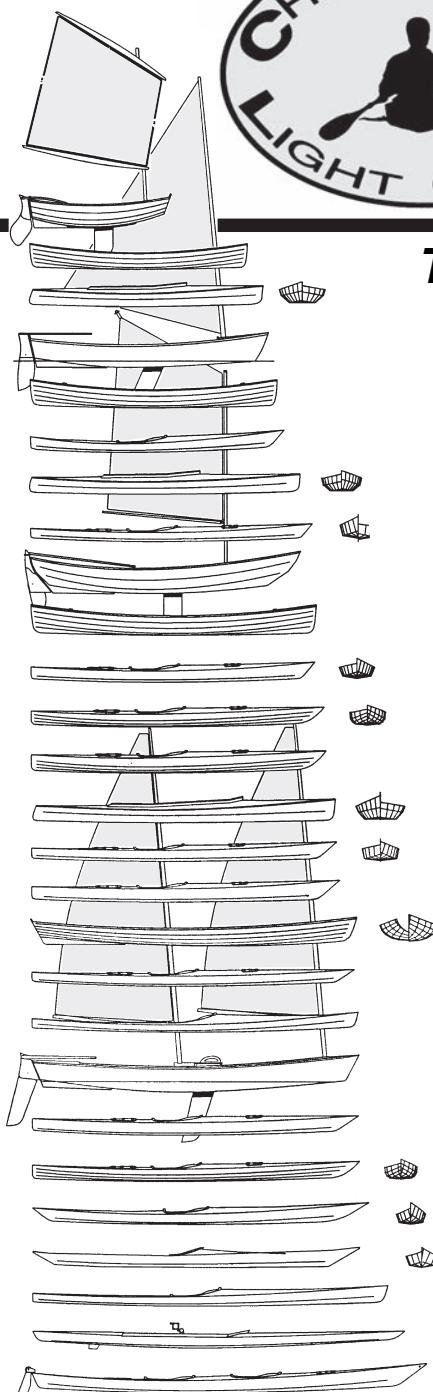
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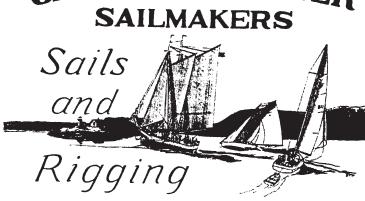
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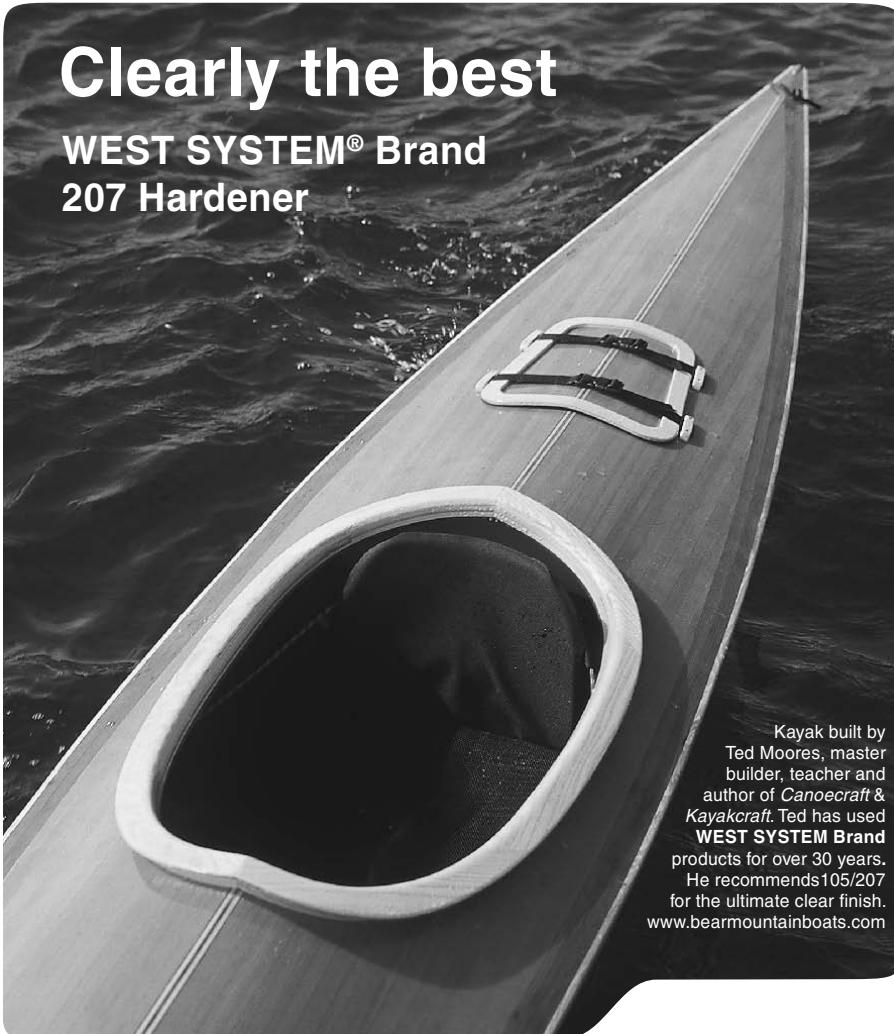
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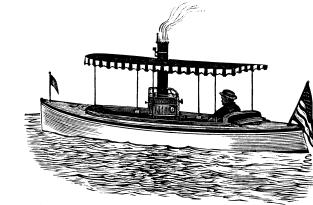
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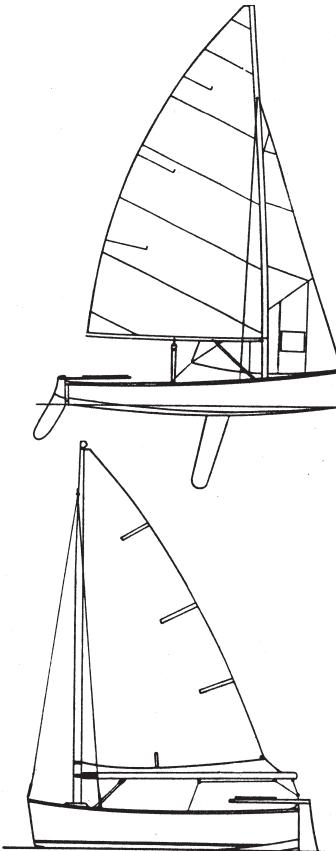
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30' SISU Downeaster, Royal Lowell Design, '80 hull w/4-53 Detroit Diesel engine. completely overhauled less than 500 hours ago. Fuel injected 140hp drives hull at max of 10-11kts, cruises comfortably at 8-9kts at 2-3 gals/hr. Two 80gal diesel tanks w/level indicators, 4 deep cycle batteries and 60a alternator. Electronics incl are: Ratheon Radar, Garmin GPS, Ratheon Sounder, and a VHF. Simple open flying bridge, cargo boom, & extended pilot house. Accommodations are extra large Olympic V-berth down below & small galley. 15gal fresh water system w/foot pump. Nice manual anchor windlass on the bow. 16' mast & cargo hoist. Deck light & all antennas mounted on the mast. 4-bladed prop & spare on 1-3/8" stainless shaft. All commercial grade equipment. Transmission is Borg Warner 1.91:1 hydraulic gearbox. Engine has commercial electric fuel pump & Racor water removal filter system. Hull is now produced by Eastern Boats. A classic Downeast sea boat & fine coastal cruising boat. Asking price is \$30K. Pictures may be seen on a web page at: <http://mysite.verizon.net/vze8686p/> JOHN BEIRNE, 108 Little Neck Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938, (978) 356-7485, Pager (888) 201-9323 (1)



Wooden Sailboats, take your pick. 14' '48 Rhodes Bantam #192, restored '02, see WoodenBoat #173 "Re-Launchings." New sails, cover, trlr. \$1950. Or, if you prefer something smaller, Bantam's smaller sibling 12' Penguin, also restored, w/trlr. \$750. Both boats available w/trlr. Could deliver New England, metro NYC, Philadelphia. Must sell 1 to make room for next restoration (Woodpussy). JEFF HILLIER, 3 Glendale Rd., No. Hampton, NH 03862 <jffhillier@aol.com> (1)

3 Boats for Sale, beautifully crafted, well designed: 17' Outer Island Sea Kayak, designed by Jay Bubina (cedar strip), \$1,700. 15' Decked Sailing Canoe, MacGregor, designed by Ian Oughtred (cedar strip, hollow masts, sails, etc). \$2,250. 12' Sailing Canoe, Wee Rob (Oughtred, lapstrake marine ply). \$950. RICH PRAGER, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 922-5453. (1)

SALES & RIGGING FOR SALE

Egyptian Cotton Sailcloth, 6.1oz/sq yd, 53" wide. Untreated. Partial roll. Will sell by the yd until it's gone. \$20/yd. **Tarred Hemp Cordage**, best quality hemp cordage I ever found (from Denmark). 2 lengths of 6mm (1/4"). 33' length \$11, 20' length \$6.60. Partial coil of 6mm (5/16") will sell by the ft until it is gone. \$.77/ft **Egyptian Cotton Jib**, mitre cut. 118" luff, 100" leech, 54" foot. 2 rows reef points. All grommets & tarred hemp boltrope sewn by hand. Treated w/clear cuprinol (which does not contain pentachlorophenol). A beautiful sail I made 20+ years ago for a customer who never picked it up. Never been used. \$175. E-mail or phone for pictures. DALE COLEMAN, Ft. Bragg, CA, (707) 964-6886, <elad12@yahoo.com> (24)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Sail Rig for Whisp, Steve Redmond design, in gd cond for reasonable price. JOHN, P.O. Box 1505, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (978) 777-5410 X1519 (24)

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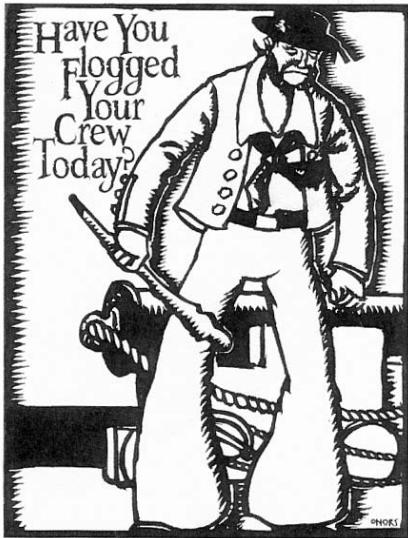
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DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davetcarnell@ec.rr.com>



Attention Epoxy Lovers, 8' Westport Dinghy plans, \$61+\$4 P&H Delete fussy Kevlar, trade for rugged epoxy coating, tough as leather
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Small Boat Journal issues #21-#78, 6 missing. Offers.

DANA AVERY, 55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT, 06340, (860) 536-6930 <mrbh@ctol.net> (24)

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION



Class to Build Your Own Sailboat, Sailor Girl is a great 12' sailboat that is also fun to row. You can build yours in this 4-day class, including sail. Complete builder's manual available for \$30 which is deductible from tuition. May 12-15, 2005. Class & materials \$950.

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Cottage Rental St. Lawrence River 1000 Island Region, for fishing, canoeing, kayaking or porch reading couple (and well behaved dog?) Dock, 14' alum boat, beach, freezer & electric heat. Clean well insulated mainland cottage for 2 located in a quiet New York riverside hamlet. \$400/wk. Call anytime for details or email for photos & details.
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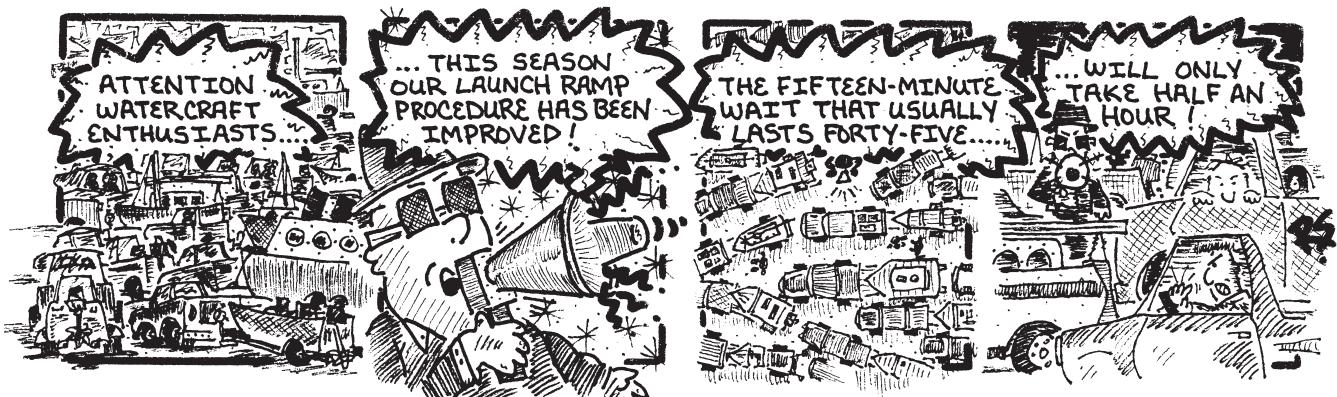
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Ahoy, this loquacious swim, mid-40s "Real Florida" boater is seeking an active, bright, easygoing woman 35-45 yo to share gd times on the Nature Coast. Boating, picnics, biking, hiking & much more are some of the interests of this multi-faceted gentleman. Sunny disposition a must. Cedar Key to Keaton Beach area. Reply in confidence.
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We now build two hard-chined composite boats...our Vermont Packboat and our new Vermont Fishing Dory.

The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

Paul Neil, the man at the oars, has won his class in the Blackburn eight times in a row....something never done by any other competitor in any boat.

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SHOWS

May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY
May 28-30 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY
June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY
June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton, NY
July 16-7 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
Aug 12-4 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA

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